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INTRODUCTION.

THE idea under which the following Work is offered to the world, is that of pleasing the *young*, the *gay*, and the *amorous* part of both sexes; in which classes is certainly included a very great majority:—in the memoirs of such celebrated females as have displayed their charms in the present reign, there must doubtless occur a vast variety of curious anecdotes relative to the private history of their several admirers: of these we possess a large collection, that will occasionally be drawn forth in the course of the succeeding volumes.

The memoirs of the fair one who fills the following sheets, has never been given to the public but by piece-meal, and in de-

tached morſels; while the following hiſtory may with propriety be ſaid to be dictated *by herſelf*: many of the mere private tranſactions were indiſputably furniſhed by her; nor could they poſſibly originate from any other ſource. Happy, could they have been told in her ſprightly language!

Not that the Editor inſinuates any *particular* intimacy with the lady: he only ſeriouſly aſſures the reader, that the circumſtances of her life were communicated by *one* who has for ſeveral years been her confidant, and to whoſe pen ſhe has been indebted for much news-paper panegyric. After this aſſertion, the public muſt place what degree of credit they pleaſe in the authenticity of theſe memoirs.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. I.

Some neceſſary reflexions—Birth of the heroine, with an anecdote of her father—The prettineſs of courtſhip—The excurſion, and firſt faux-pas. 1

CHAP. II.

The ſcene changed—A ſeparation, and a viſit to the capital—all is not gold that glitters—a theatrical campaign—The amorous ſailor, and contented cuckold—Perdita appears on the London ſtage—her ſucceſs. 12

CHAP. III.

A ſhort chapter——The bed-chamber—Succeſs of a coxcomb — 28

CHAP. IV.

A noble viſitant—ſome temptations irreſiſtible—

fistible——More ways than one——A slight quarrel, but happily made up—Rural amusements—the battle of the ants—*the happy gardener.* 37

CHAP. V.

Avarice and inconstancy—An unfortunate event happily prevented—The dexterity of a chambermaid—The disappointed gallant, and a curious garden scene. — — 46

CHAP. VI.

A foreign hero introduced—Struggle for a diamond ring. — 62

CHAP. VII.

A digression on conjunction, and osculation. — — 72

CHAP. VIII.

Character of a royal lover—Instance of generosity——Masquerade anecdotes—Incident at a bagnio—First interview —Fatal

—Fatal disappointment—Consummation of Love—Various incidents. 79

CHAP. IX.

Vain attempts to excite jealousy—A princely carouse and a valorous engagement with Towser, *happily attended with no fatal catastrophe.* 106

CHAP. X.

The negociation of a foreign embassy—A powerful rival introduced from France—The interview—The collision, an anecdote of a great continental lady—Termination of a royal Amour. — — 111

CHAP. XI.

Introductory matter—A Trip to Margate—A new connection which has a curious catastrophe. — 124

CHAP. XII.

Perdita renews her intimacy with an old friend—

friend—History of Lucy P—— New system of physic. 140

CHAP. XIII.

Sketch of the American colonel—Military exploits. — — 152

CHAP. XIV.

The COMET.—*A Simile.* 187

CHAP. XV.

The Review, and Finale. 171

THE

MEMOIRS OF PERDITA.

CHAP. I.

Some neceſſary reflexions—Birth of the heroine, with an anecdote of her father—The prettineſs of courtſhip—The excurſion, and firſt faux-pas.

THERE is a natural curioſity in moſt people, to become acquainted with the lives of thoſe who have been diſtinguiſhed by their ſentiments and conduct, in what line or

profeſſion ſoever; kings, legiſlators, naval or military heroes, and the various tribes of adventurers, attract our notice; but, however the eccentricity of their conduct may excite our admiration, ſtill the heart is never ſo much intereſted as in the hiſtory of ſuch whoſe actions have been more immediately under the influence of the ſofter paſſions. Here the narrative *ſtrikes home*, and the ſituation becomes our own. Though few of thoſe readers may have the heroic courage of Col. *Tarleton*, or the irreſiſtible eloquence of *Charles Fox*, yet very many of them may hope to revel in the arms of beauty, and ſink in extaſies of bliſs upon the lovely boſom of a *Perdita*, or the enchanting *Bird of Paradiſe*.

For

For ages paſt, no female has reigned with more abſolute ſway over the amorous heart than the former of thoſe ladies:—At times, every rank and profeſſion has felt her ſilken chains, and gladly embraced her pleaſing bondage.

Like a ſecond *Lais*, princes, heroes, and philoſophers have bowed to her ſhrine; and if the Athenian warrior Nicander went to Corinth to lay his laurels at the feet of the Grecian *fille-de-joy*,—the gallant and *gallante* Colonel *Tarleton* ſeems to have come from America for little other purpoſe than to beſtow his conqueſt upon the Engliſh courtezan.

Briſtol had the honour of giving birth to this lady. A place ſo little remarkable for the beauty of its female inhabitants, that Queen Eliza-

beth, commiſerating their deficiency in this reſpect, very good-naturedly beſtowed particular privileges upon them; one of which was, that any foreigner marrying a native female, ſhould immediately become a free citizen.—Her *maiden* name (or at leaſt her name previous to marriage) was D——y; her father was commander of a trading veſſel; and afterwards maſter of the *Heart of Oak* armed tranſport; in which ſtation he gave ſuch a ſignal inſtance of his ability and courage in conduct ng ſome veſſels into Gibraltar-Bay, as to extort the higheſt public praiſe from the admiral of the Engliſh fleet, lord Howe.

From Briſtol, Capt. D——y came during *Perdita*'s infancy to London, and took a houſe in Goodman's-fields. While they reſided here, our beaute-

ous

ous heroine firſt experienced the ſmarts of that paſſion to which we muſt all one time or other ſubmit. Her father caſually brought home with him a young midſhipman, belonging to a firſt rate man of war, that was then gone into dock for repair, and who took that opportunity of viſiting his relations at Stepney. He was tall, well-made, with all that active ſtrength and manlineſs which generally mark our naval youth. Juſt returned from a long voyage, and unaccuſtomed to the converſation and influence of female charms, he was conſequently more particularly ſuſceptible of tender impreſſions, and expoſed to the amorous contagion of Perdita's irreſiſtable glances from a pair of ſuch eyes as, were they in Heaven,

" They'd through the airy region ſtream ſo bright
" That birds would ſing, and think it were the morn.
" While all the world would be in love with night,
" And pay no worſhip to the garniſh Sun."

Perdita's charmes were at this time the genuine offspring of nature, unaided, or rather untainted by the pernicious aſſiſtance of deſtructive coſmetics and paint. The ſailor was unable to withſtand their power, but ſoon became a willing ſlave; frequent opportunities of converſing gave birth to mutual inclination; their parents entertained no diſapprobation of their intimacy, imagining his paſſion to be perfectly honourable; nor did Perdita affect to conceal her approving ſympathy.

Living in ſuch a degree of familiarity and fondneſs, it will not be wondered at, that they had many private

private interviews. Lovers enjoy a happineſs in being alone, which lovers only know. They have a thouſand ſweet nothings to repeat—a thouſand civilities to exchange, and attentions to repay which admit not of obſervation, and which to the unfeeling part of mankind, are the moſt extravagant folly. Gaiety and mirth were the conſtant attendant upon their little rambles; the hours of courtſhip, indeed we are taught to believe are the moſt agreeable period of our life; it leads to marriage; and if the prologue be dull, what can we expect from the play? They ſometimes indulged themſelves in ſhort excurſions round the country; and frequently made little trips by water up and down the river.

In one of theſe excurſions in the neighbourhood of Richmond, they ſtopped

ſtopped for refreſhment, propoſing not only to dine, but to ſpend ſome hours in the middle of the day, the ſun being very hot. On entering the houſe, they were ſaluted by the landlord, who hoped they would have no objection to a *bed-room* for a little, as all the other apartments were then occupied.

They ſmiled—not ſo much at the information, as the *manner* in which it was given; they were ſenſible it was meant as a *compliment*; but as a bed-room was no particular object to them, they took it coolly; they did not conſider it as an *objection* of any conſequence, and therefore walked up ſtairs.

After being refreſhed with a glaſs of wine and a biſcuit, they amuſed themſelves with walking arm-in-arm, acroſs

acroſs the room:—The bed was covered with a white counterpane; the curtains were crimſon, which reflecting their colour on Perdita's countenance every time they croſſed the room; heightened the natural bluſh that was unavoidably excited whenever ſhe caſt her eyes upon the bed.

Whether this bluſh was owing to Perdita's feelings, (the workings of genuine nature heightened by the genial influence of the ſeaſon, and aſſiſted by the power of the wine) or whether owing to the inſinuation of the landlord, or perhaps to both—however, her lover took courage, and made a feint to puſh her on the bed as they paſſed by the ſide of it:—She gave a *gentle* ſhriek,—he let her go, throwing himſelf upon it.

"O

" O fye, (exclaimed Perdita, ad-
" vancing to him) riſe up for heaven's
" ſake! you'll give occaſion for the
" worſt conſtructions. We are ſtrangers
" here 'tis true—but things come won-
" derfully to light, and we may be
" ſuſpected for *nothing*."

The youth raiſed himſelf upon the bed, ſeized her hand, and ſeated her by him——Her bluſhes became yet deeper—but they rendered her only more charming.

" Shame! (cried the lover)—let the
" guilty redden: innocence has no
" occaſion to bluſh, unleſs in the pre-
" ſence of guilt—your paſſions are as
" cool on this ſcene of ſenſuality, as
" if it were a rock of ice."

Women are certainly not leſs ſubject to the ſenſibilities of human nature nor better fortified againſt them than

than the men are:—And *love*, as it is one of the moſt natural, ſo is it alſo one of the moſt excuſeable human weakneſſes; and where *love* ſeduces—love ſhould bear the blame.

Perdita's bluſhes returned—and Henry kiſſed them away—She fell into his arms—then ſunk down together on the bed.—The irreſiſtible impulſe of nature, in a moment carried them into thoſe regions of ecſtatic bliſs, where ſenſe and thought lie diſſolved in the rapture of mutual enjoyment.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The ſcene changed—A ſeparation, and a viſit to the capital—all is not gold that glitters—a theatrical campaign—The amorous ſailor, and contented cuckhold—Perdita appears on the London ſtage—her ſucceſs.

THE return of reaſon brought the uſual ſcene of a few pearly drops and reproaches on the part of the fair-one; with as many vows of ſincerity and ever laſting love, from the lips of Henry; a reconciliation was at length effected; and confirmed by the ſureſt cement—a repetition of their former joys.

Though Perdita was much more alive to the fine ſenſations of reciprocal delight than aware or apprehenſive of

of the probable conſequences of her happineſs, yet ſtill ſhe wiſhed to have her pleaſures ſanctioned and ſanctified by the hymeneal bond. She certainly had all that tenderneſs for her lover which uſually accompanies a juvenile paſſion in a warm and ſuſceptible heart. She even gave frequent hints of her inclinations, and endeavoured to enforce them by intimations of her fears that ſhe ſhould become a *mother* before ſhe was a *wife*. Theſe fears however were little regarded by the jovial tar, and either were totally unanſwered, or replied to ſometimes by raillery, ſometimes by wanton dalliance; and perhaps the fear of loſing her lover prevented her from urging ſuch a requeſt with all the energy it required.

The moment of ſeparation, however approached: he received the intelligence that his ſhip was put into repair, with the unwelcome mandate to follow *war's alarms*. With a ſorrowful heart, he communicated the news to his Perdita: they parted with reciprocal vows of eternal faith, probably ſincere on her part; tho' ſuch ſcenes were familiar enough to the ſon of Neptune, whoſe conſtancy reſembled the element he belonged to; and like the airy choriſters, whenever he bade adieu to a fair nymph, *it was a hundred to one they ever met again*.

Soon after this, Mrs. D—y removed from *Goodman's-field's*, and opened a boarding-ſchool in the neighbourhood of Chelſea. Perdita's apprehenſions for the effects of her firſt amour, being now removed, ſhe reſolved to be more

more circumſpect in her future connections, and to fix the huſband before ſhe yielded to the lover.

Her change of abode made her more obſerved; her bewitching face, and delicately handſome perſon, very ſoon attracted the notice of the nobility and gentry in and about the neighbourhood, and if her parents had not been more virtuous than provident, ſhe might ſoon have been diſpoſed of, in a manner equally beneficial to herſelf and them. She might even have been married advantageouſly to ſeveral opulent tradeſmen, who, blinded by love, did not conſider how little ſhe was qualified by education, and how much leſs by nature, to diſcharge the duties of domeſtic life.

The exceſſive delicacy of her frame had always exempted her from ſuch

offices at home; and this indulgence enabled her to turn her mind towards other objects, as well as to acquire accompliſhments more agreeable to her temper and conſtitution. Beſides, the attentions paid to her by men of rank ſo flattering to female vanity, co-operating with great delicacy of ſentiment and ſenſibility of heart, made her treat with the higheſt contempt the addreſſes of a tradeſman or a merchant; and her father, whoſe particular favourite ſhe was, had too much regard for her future happineſs in life, to think of permitting violence to be offered to her inclinations.

Conſcious, nevertheleſs, how brittle is beauty, he wiſhed to diſpoſe of her to his ſatisfaction and her own liking,—but was unable to deviſe the means. But while her anxious parents were

were deliberating on this ſubject, our too ſuſceptible heroine thought proper to conclude the ſtruggle between love and duty, by diſpoſing of herſelf; and like the firſt fair one, fell a ſacrifice to a ſhining outſide, and a ſmooth tongue.

Satan appeared to her in the ſhape of an *Attorney's clerk*, all glittering with ſpangles, and bedaubed with lace.—His brilliant appearance (for all Monmouth-ſtreet had been ranſacked to bedeck him) induced a heart naturally vain and aſpiring, to liſten to him; and he ſaid ſo many flattering things of her perſon, of the rank for which nature and fortune had deſigned her, and of the ardor and purity of his own paſſion, that ſhe believed—— and *was married!*

Their ſituation was very ſoon like that of our firſt parents, when the intoxicating quality of the forbidden fruit had ſubſided, and they had ſatiated themſelves with love: for their eyes were opened before the honey-moon expired. Perdita's eyes were indeed ſoon free from the miſts of love; ſhe ſaw her own nakedneſs, and that too of her *caro ſpoſa*, but ſhe thought it neceſſary to provide a more ſubſtantial covering than fig-leaves.

She bethought herſelf that thoſe blooming charms which ſhe had thrown careleſsly away on ſo worthleſs an object as ſhe now fond her deceitful lover might ſtill be employed, if not as the means of exalting her, yet of raiſing her from her preſent wretched condition, and of *literally* cloathing and feeding them both. The ſtage ſhe con-

conſidered as the beſt means of recommending her perſonal charms to public notice, and accordingly procured an engagement in a country company, as an exerciſe to her abilities before ſhe could attempt to tread the boards of Drury-lane or Covent-garden.

Whatever improvement ſhe made, or whatever degree of fame ſhe acquired in this itinerancy, 'tis certain her ſhare of profit was ſo ſmall, that at the end of the campaign ſhe was obliged to attempt a journey on foot of above fourſcore miles, at a very comfortleſs ſeaſon of the year. A lucky chance, however, diſpelled the gloomy proſpect, before the end of the firſt day's journey.

The purſer of the L—— frigate had obtained leave of abſence from his ſhip (which was juſt come from a ſta-

tion

tion in the Weſt-Indies) and was purſuing his journey to London in the ſtage, *alone*; he was bewailing his ſolitary ſtate, and waiting for ſome roſe-bud of beauty to regale his eyes, or the view of ſome ſnowy boſom, which would have been a heaven to him after the black and tawny teats of the negroes, which he had been condemned to preſs for twelve long months; when Perdita applied to the coachman to know if there was any room.—"Yes," cried the enraptured tar, and almoſt threw himſelf out of the window to receive her; and 'ere ſhe could well be ſeated, was upon his knees before her, in the attitude of a beſeeching lover.

She intreated him to riſe, leſt her huſband, whom ſhe expected to meet her on the road, ſhould ſurpriſe him

in

in that poſture, and in fact they were ſoon afterwards accoſted by Mr. R——n himſelf. Neither Perdita nor the Purſer were very well pleaſed at the interruption, though the bar to their happineſs did not long continue. From a ſignificant look, which was *rightly* underſtood, the *good-natured* huſband pretended that the motion of the coach made him *ſick*, ſo that he muſt be under the neceſſity of riding on the out-ſide, for the benefit of the air. When he made the motion, Perdita's eyes glanced animation on the dejected ſeaman, whoſe boſom again throbbed with ſuch ardor, that he could ſcarcely ſpeak. But no ſooner was *ſpouſy* ſeated on the top of the coach, then his tongue recovered its volubility, and he urged his ſuit in a language that could not have been

miſ-

miſunderſtood, even though it had not been ſtrengthened by ſuch a prevailing argument as an uncounted handful of guineas.—The ſailor knew the ſex:—and he flattered himſelf with ſucceſs: he thought the propoſal would *aſtoniſh* any woman, at leaſt upon ſo early an acquaintance, but was certain it would *diſpleaſe* none of the ſex. They are all caught with the idea of novelty or extravagance; and when once the whim of frolic has ſmit them, they muſt go through with it, be the conſequence what it may.

But ſhould the maxim be diſputed, he found himſelf at leaſt right in regard to its particular application: Perdita's ſenſibility was too keen not to be pleaſed with a man of his lively addreſs and athletic vigorous form; but the recent inſtance of his laviſh gene-

generosity would have, in her present circumstances, outweighed every other consideration.

When first tempted to come, in the sea phrase, to close quarters, she pointed to the top of the coach,—he pointed to the bottom: at last she gave him a slight tap on the cheek, and sunk sidelong on the seat, giving such a voluptuous display of her charms, as would have inflamed the frozen bosom of an anchorite——he returned the *blow*—engaged in the amorous conteſt,—and *three times* did he sink fainting, dying, lifeless, upon her heaving snowy breast.

* * * * * * * *

Recovered from his extatic lethargy, he seemed to wish a truce to the engagement, so that when his fair one gave him a fourth time the amorous challenge

challenge, he let down the glaſs of the coach, and whiſpered ſoftly, "he was afraid her huſband would become jealous of their ſilence"—with a moſt ſignificant look, ſhe archly replied—*you was not ſo apprehenſive an hour ago!*"—He *felt* the reproach, and tho' from a *fair* enemy, could not bear the imputation upon his courage.—Once more he renewed the battle, with ſuch energy and ſpirit, as exceeded all his former attacks and gave Perdita a pleaſure ſhe never could experience in the arms of debilitated peers and nobles.

They ſlept that evening on the road; when, after ſupper, the good natured *cornuto* circulated the glaſs ſo freely that he ſoon fell a victim to its ſtrength, and left the happy pair to take their full ſwing of pleaſure.

Perdita

Perdita had ſo little ſucceſs in her firſt rural excurſion, that ſhe renounced every idea of a ſecond.—A variety of plans were agitated with regard to her future conduct: but the theatre ſeemed ſtill the only road to *wealth*, if not to fame; for having many powerful rivals to contend with in the empire of beauty, whatever her own perſonal attractions might be, ſhe muſt have the means of exhibiting them to advantage, before they could be of uſe to her.—She had the conſolation, to diſcover that her huſband, though too contemptible to be conſidered in *that* light, might, notwithſtanding, be very uſeful as a ſcenting and carrying animal, and as giving a legal ſanction to the conqueſts ſhe hoped to make. With the *ſhadow* of a huſband to conceal her deſigns, ſhe might overpower

unguarded hearts, before they were ſenſible of their danger.

For this purpoſe, ſhe applied to a celebrated actor who was alſo manager of one of the theatres; and he generouſly took her under his protection and tuition. In this ſchool ſhe acquired many new accompliſhments; and, through his indulgence, ſhe had ſoon an opportunity of animating beauty with ſentiment, accompanying motion with grace, and playing off on the ſtage the whole artillery of beauty.

If ſhe was not remarkably excellent as an actreſs, ſhe was at leaſt ſo happy as never to be remarkably deficient, in any part that ſhe attempted; ſhe ſeldom played without applauſe.—But ſhe had the higher ſatisfaction, to attain the great end of her appearance on the ſtage:—to find that ſhe was uni-

univerſally admired as a *woman*, and her favours courted by perſons of the firſt diſtinction.

The following couplet, written by a well known poetical nobleman, may ſerve to give an idea of the admiration in which ſhe was held.

On ſeeing Mrs. R——n play PORTIA, *in the Merchant of Venice.*

While Shakeſpear's Shylock, Macklin holds to view,
See beauteous R——n *out-act* the Jew:
One pound of fleſh *his* malice could aſſuage,
Her Chriſtian charms ſeverer bonds engage:
When *love inſpiring* eyes their darts diſpenſe,
Who meets the glance, muſt expiate the offence;
In vain applauſe would pay the debt in part,
She claims the ſacrifice of every heart.

CHAP. III.

A ſhort chapter—The bed-chamber—Succeſs of a coxcomb.

AT this period, before her intimacy with Lord M—n had taken place, Perdita had very elegant lodgings in one of the ſtreets leading from the Strand, and when ſhe left the theatre in an evening, was generally attended by ſome man of figure whom ſhe had attracted from the ſtage.

You, who doubtleſs have ſeen her perſon, know that her deportment is elegant, and to ſprightlineſs of wit, ſhe joins a ſhare of levity, that attracts, rather than diſguſts, becauſe it is not carried to the exceſs that conſtitutes the affectation of wantonneſs.

Her

Her treats, or *petits ſoupers*, on theſe occaſions were every thing that was voluptuous: the entertainment was elegant; and during the repaſt, lively converſation and wanton attitudes were conſtantly practiſed, to inflame to the height a paſſion which, of all others is the moſt difficult to be ſuppreſſed; though by gentle repulſes the moment of poſſeſſion was continually procraſtinated.

The vivacity of her imagination ſuggeſted a thouſand ſtratagems for raiſing amorous deſire, and when diſpoſed to yield the *laſt favour*, ſhe ſuddenly retreated to her bed-chamber (which was previouſly illuminated) hung round with paintings executed with maſterly ſkill, and calculated to ſuggeſt ideas of various modes to indulge concupiſcence. She frequently

took a pleasure to *explain* the several pictures, by throwing herself into the very attitudes they represented, affording such a strange exhibition of *motionless* and *animated nudity*, as fancy can scarce conceive. Indeed, sense, fancy, thought, and every human faculty were raised by these means to such perfect delirium and madness, as could only be assuaged by plunging into the ocean of bliss now prepared for her happy admirer.

Among the many pretenders to the favours of Perdita, was Lord C——, a most *exotic* oddity, the produce of self-love and folly—in a word—a *coxcomb* at the age of five and forty. We are not all born *petit-maitres*, any more than we are all born *poets*; and so unsuccessfully did Lord C—— *Frenchify* himself, that *what he would be* was perpetually blended

blended in his manners and language, with the what he *really was*;—but as he had the good fortune to fancy himself his very contrary, he enjoyed the conceit, and was very happy.

The amours of a coxcomb agree with his pretensions to taste and wit. The latter are the index of his judgement, as the former are of his feelings—not sentiment, but vanity pointed out to Lord C—— the object of his inclinations: neither youth nor beauty have any claim to his homage, unless they be the reigning toasts of the day—then his soul awakes and his tongue proclaims desires and admiration he never felt:—he looks upon a fine woman as upon an artist: and their celebrity is the thermometer of his esteem: in general he is so impatient of appearing happier than he is, that

though

though many are the conquests he boasts, very few are those that he has made.

Indeed woman is a whimsical animal, and more frequently dispenses her favours as fancy or whim dictates, than as merit deserves; and to this frolicksome disposition of the fair, Lord C—— was indebted for the most *glorious*, perhaps the *sole* victory he ever obtained.

No sooner was Perdita's character for beauty and come-atableness whispered about, than Lord C—— besieged her in due form:—he exhausted all his powers of oratory, while in return he was considered only as a *monkey*, whose tricks and grimace, might dispel a serious reflexion. Though constantly the object of her raillery, he never could think her in earnest, but

humoured

humoured her fancy, and by his incredulity flattered her vanity. The reſiſtance he met with amazed him; he expected Perdita to yield to the charms of his perſon what ſhe never intended to beſtow but in proportion to the weight of his purſe: at laſt vanity ſuggeſted that a *ſuperior degree of love* was the principle of her action? —"She loves me, he cried, but ſo "fearful I ſhould know it:—thus her "*virtue* makes her aſſume the air and "expreſſion of diſlike and contempt:— "it muſt be ſo!"

His lordſhip having ſo happily diſcovered the cauſe of her inceſſant pleaſantry, let her jeſt at pleaſure, and applied himſelf to *ſteal* the favours ſhe ſeemed fearful to *grant*. He increaſed his viſits, aſſiduity, and preſents; and ſought every opportunity to approach either

either her lips or her boſom, at the trifling expence of a reproof, or a ſtroke of her fan upon his finger:—and at laſt ſo happily did he apply a very elegant ſet of jewels, that ſhe began to entertain ſome doubts, whether his lordſhip might not be a *man* under the diſguiſe of a *coxcomb*.

With this *apprehenſion*, curioſity intruded into her mind to make a *trial*, and ſhe was determined to know what would become of his lordſhip in a *tete-a-tete*. She had ſtill ſome ſuſpicion of the puſillanimity and *nothingneſs* of the coxcomb, but as he might not give her the time of *bluſhing*, and ſhe could in all circumſtances rely upon her preſence of mind, ſhe reſolved to venture the experiment.

One morning that ſhe was alone in her dining-room, ſhe heard a coach

ſtop

ſtop at the door; peeping through the window, ſhe perceived his lordſhip—"Now, ſaid ſhe, is the minute for trial——if he is not a *fool*, he ſhall be happy."—She ſtepped into her bed-chamber, threw herſelf in a *proper* attitude, upon the ſofa. and covered her face with a cambric handkerchief.

The ſervant who attended his lordſhip up ſtairs, not finding her miſtreſs in the dining-room, would have gone to her apartment; but Lord C—— telling her it was unneceſſary, as he would ſtay till her return, ſhe retired, and left him alone.

In leaping out of the coach, his lordſhip had very unluckily diſordered a *lock of his hair*, and he was now enchanted to be at liberty to repair the fatal accident. He ſtepped to a pier

glaſs

glaſs, and with all the adroitneſs of a French *frizeur* reſtored his head to its former harmony: then wheeling about, with the rapture of ſelf-admiration, he walked to Perdita's chamber:—one ſtep into it expoſed her to his eyes, in the moſt deſireable ſituation he could wiſh.

Never was his Lordſhip in ſuch perplexity.—What an opportunity!—Should he neglect it!—Should he not! The ſight of two breaſts

Allant, venant, ſeparés, faites au tour,

determined him.

No longer was he fearful to offend—he bolted the door, tip-toed to the ſofa, and *deſerved* the opportunity ſhe gave him.

* * * * * * * * * *

Perdita

Perdita awoke, *only*, when she could not possibly feign to sleep. She attempted to mimic a fit of anger—— but it was *too late*.

* * * * * * * * * *

CHAP. IV.

A noble visitant—some temptations irresistible—More ways than one—A slight quarrel, but happily made up—Rural amusements—the battle of the ants—the happy gardener.

IT was in the performance of Ophelia that she first captivated Lord M——n: her beauty, her seeming innocence, her soft distress, and undeserved unkind treatment from Denmark's Prince, took entire possession of his

ſoul—he vowed to relieve her—and he did ſo.

An introduction to a female in her ſphere was not difficult to obtain; and the ſettlement his lordſhip offered would have dazzled the mind of a woman more virtuous, and leſs avaritious than Perdita. He took her from the ſtage, to the no ſmall mortification of the managers, and placed her in an elegant habitation in C——s ſtreet, Piccadilly; preſenting her with an elegant carriage, which was the admiration of the all *admiring* circles of St. James's:—the body was a carmelite and ſilver, ornamented with French mantle: her cypher in a wreath of flowers; the ſeat-cloths crimſon, richly ornamated with ſilver fringe. Her livery was green, faced with yellow, and richly trimmed with broad ſilver lace;

face: the harneſs richly chaſed, and elegantly finiſhed: the inſide lined with white ſilk, embelliſhed with ſcarlet trimmings.

Such a ſudden ſtart into high life, with ſuch a ſplendid example in the charioteering ſtyle gave the alarm, and inſtantly ſet the whole corps of the frail ſiſterhood in an uproar; her coach, her coachman, her footman, and her ſelf, were all diſſected on the occaſion; but in ſpite of abuſe ſhe *drove on*: many of the *mag-tail* ladies made a formidable oppoſition; and unhappy were the ſituation of their reſpective gallants; though ſome of them made rapid ſtrides to the pinnacle of Cyprian grandeur.

It muſt however be confeſſed, that *perſonal* qualifications are not the whole that Perdita can boaſt; nor were theſe

the only incentives to Lord M——n's flame: his taſte is not ſo groſs as to be content merely with corporeal enjoyments, her addreſs and *manner* are extremely elegant, approaching, as is ſaid, more nearly to the *agreemens* of the famed Ninon de l'Enclos, than any other woman of the impure claſs: her converſation is ſenſible, witty, and full of vivacity; and her *epiſtles* or rather *cards*, have a turn peculiarly ſmart and epigrammatic: and her *Poems* are ſaid occaſionly to have a *touch* of the *ſublime*; whether infuſed *into her* by contact with a certain Iriſh orator, we pretend not to determine.

It was in order to provide for herſelf as profitably as ſhe could, that previous to her intimacy with his lordſhip, Perdita had iſſued propoſals for publiſhing her *poetical works* by ſubſcription;

ſcription; and it was reaſonably expected that an edition of her *works* in *ſheets* would produce no inconſiderable ſum. For the witty George S——n archly enough obſerved, "that the lady, whatever might be her other deficiences, certainly had *parts*, and on ſome occaſions deſerved the credit of a *fine thing*.—Congreve's Lady Pliant remarks to us, that nothing is more *moving* than a FINE THING!"

Whatever ſucceſs attended her *proteſals*, her *works* certainly never came into exiſtence. The line in which ſhe now appeared, rendered ſuch contributions on the public quite unneceſſary; and whether fear, pride, or vanity, operated on her heart, 'tis certain that for ſeveral months ſhe ſeemed conſtant to his lordſhip, at leaſt no-

——M

thing tranſpired which the amorous Chronicles could repeat to her diſadvantage.

A change is ſaid firſt to have taken place on the part of his lordſhip, who inflamed by the ſcandalous aſperſions of ſome of the envious ſiſterhood, had a temorary pique, and commenced an intimacy with the well known *Elvira*, or indeed the better known *Bird of Paradiſe*, with whom he took a tranſient flight:--but Perdita's lures ſoon recalled the wanderer: the quarelling of the lovers was only the renewal of their love: and he flew back to her arms more fond, more faithful than ever.

Inconſtancy, however, ſeems ſo ſtrictly a female characteriſtic, or Perdita was now became ſo devoted to variety, that neither the attractions of Lord M——n's

M——n's perſon, purſe, nor rhetoric, could cloſely confine her to himſelf. It would perhaps be endleſs to recount all the private engagements ſhe made, or every adventure in thoſe ſtolen hours of bliſs, when various avocations demanded his lordſhip's attention: but there was one, ſo fraught with whim and originality, that 'twould be unpardonable to omit it.

His lordſhip had provided her with a very genteel ſummer retreat near Brompton; there was an extenſive garden belonging to the premiſes, in the arbours of which Perdita uſed generally to paſs the ſultry hours of the day; but at one time more indolent, or more fatigued than uſual, ſhe had thrown herſelf down on a little turfy hillock, overſhadowed by tufts of roſes and woodbine: and here ſhe inſenſibly

fell

fell a ſleep. Perdita had not obſerved, at her ſitting down here, that ſhe had demoliſhed a *neſt of ants*, whoſe habitation thus ruined, ran about every where for ſhelter, and at laſt a whole convocation of them crept up the pillars of the Cytherean temple, ſporting in thoſe ſacred places where

"Jews might hiſs, and Infidels adore;"

nay a party of them had even the impudence to pervade the *ſanctum ſanctorum* or *innermoſt* apartment, where the *novelty* of the *friction* was ſo extraordinary as to rouſe the ſleeping beauty. She ſhrieked for aſſiſtance,—but none was at hand; ſhe endeavoured to pick them off,—but the taſk was endleſs, as their numbers rather increaſed, drawn up by the *central* attraction. She even diſcharged a torrent of briny waves without effect,—

when

when the gardener's ſon, at laſt hearing her cries, ran to her relief.—With a *bluſhing heſitation* ſhe told her complaint, aſked his help, and inſtantly diſplayed *ſuch* a proſpect, as would have fired the heart of rigid ſtoiciſm, or brought to life a ſoul juſt ſinking in the arms of death.

The young gardener was a comely youth of about eighteen; the bloom of health ſhone upon his countenance; his firm-knit ſinews and athletic appearance gave Perdita the higheſt opinion of his abilities in the amorous combat, and ſhe was reſolved to confirm the opinion by practical knowledge; he made ſome *attempts* to aſſiſt in ridding her of the diſagreeable viſitors, but nature became irreſiſtable—Perdita gave him every encouragement, and throwing aſide his ruſtic modeſty,

he

he boldly rushed on, but soon confessed the fair one victor; and though he oft renewed the battle, every repeated struggle served only to convince him how much inferior he was in the wars of love to his fair antagonist.

CHAP. V.

Avarice and inconstancy—An unfortunate event happily prevented—The dexterity of a chambermaid—The disappointed gallant, and a curious garden scene.

THOUGH this was the first, it was by no means the last interview to which the *invasion of the arts* gave birth: and many a sultry afternoon

noon did Perdita saunter about the garden, and visit the mossy hillock, whither the happy gardener as faithfully repaired, anxious to guard the sacred source of earthly bliss from the future depredations of those busy wanton insects.

The avarice of Perdita, however, sometimes led her into situations, which had well nigh proved fatal to her interest; of which the following well attested anecdote will be a striking proof, at the same time it must be allowed the situation was pregnant with humour.

A wealthy merchant, it would be presumptuous to say an alderman of London, having seen Perdita at the Theatre, and reading the daily puff-paragraphs which she sported in almost every paper, conceived a violent

inclination

inclination to have an intrigue with this beautiful object of daily chit-chat; but the difficulty of commencing it in her new-elevated ſituation almoſt daſhed his hopes. Love, however, bade him take courage; and after revolving a variety of expedients, he at length determined upon complimenting her with a hogſhead of excellent champagne; wine being an article in which he was a capital dealer. One of the beſt in his cellar was ſelected, and conveyed to the lady, with a polite card, requeſting her acceptance of the wine, and intimating his deſire of waiting on her to know if he were happy enough to have hit her taſte, in the choice of the liquor.

Perdita unheſitatingly accepted the preſent, and in return appointed an evening of aſſignation, when his lordſhip

ſhip ſhould be ſecurely abſent. The meeting took place; an elegant repaſt was prepaired, the wine broached, and overtures were made for a more intimate connection, to which Perdita at laſt yielded, won by the all-perſuaſive arguments of a Bank note of conſiderable value, and many promiſes of more. Indeed, 'tis certain, no other arguments could have prevailed, for the citizen is neither young nor handſome, he is a devotee to Bacchus, and his impudence is perhaps matchleſs; and though it is acknowledged on the other hand, that he has the reputation of *pleaſing* the lady who favours him, yet he poſſeſſes a ſingular quality of repeating in his ſleep all the tranſactions of his waking hours.

The firſt day of his lordſhip's abſence was embraced for the reception

of the new gallant, to whom a note was diſpatched, informing him of the happy event; and as his lordſhip would not return that night, the latter conſequently hoped for the completion of his bliſs.

Though the merchant was no advocate for the *egg-water*, or *balmy milk* preſcriptions of the hymeneal Phyſician, yet he naturally thought that a few glaſſes *extra* of good Burgundy might have a pleaſing effect in exhilirating his ſpirits, and enabling him to ſacrifice more copiouſly at the ſhrine of the Cyprian Goddeſs. But his natural attachment to the bottle made him ſo far forget himſelf as not only to become fluſtered with drinking, but even to delay the aſſignation full two hours beyond the appointed time.

Perdita's

Perdita's reſentment at both theſe circumſtances was juſtly excited, and he had ſcarcely pacified the fair-one's anger, and was proceeding to ſome rapturous liberties with her lips and boſom, when they were moſt mortifyingly interrupted, by the very unthought-of return of his lordſhip: the lovers were in a dreſſing-room over the bed-chamber, where Perdita begged him to remain in the dark, till his lordſhip had gone to ſleep, when (as he uſually ſlept very ſound) ſhe would return to him; for that it was impoſſible for him to get out now: ordering her ſervant therefore to put out the lights, ſhe went down to the bed-chamber to attend on his lordſhip, who being ſomewhat fatigued they ſoon retired to reſt.

Perdita only waited for his lordſhip being a-ſleep, to return to her gallant, who in the mean time, from the darkneſs co-operating with the fumes of the wine, had fallen faſt a-ſleep, and imagining himſelf in the tavern where he paſſed part of the day, began talking and acting over again the former ſcenes. It ſeemed (according to cuſtom) he had been quarrelling with the drawers, who knew him ſo well, that until he had knocked and called twenty times they never came near him: being thus agitated in his ſleep, he bawled and knocked as loud as he could, calling the waiters, and beating with his cane over his lordſhip's head, tho' without awakening himſelf.

The lady immediately heard him, and was frightened out of her wits; ſhe could not think what he ſhould knock

knock for in that dangerous place, unleſs he were a dying: but while ſhe was buſied in theſe reflections, he redoubled his efforts, which awakened his lordſhip, who only had heard the firſt attempt imperfectly; he ſtarted up in bed, and ſought for his night gown to riſe and ſee what was the matter: he ſuppoſed thieves were in the houſe, and rummaging the apartments over head: Perdita clung to his lordſhip, not in a pretended but real fright, begging him not to expoſe himſelf, for that they would certainly ſhoot him dead on the ſpot, being apparently maſter of the houſe; and declaring (for at that inſtant the knocking and bawling increaſed) that the rogues were calling themſelves together: at the ſame time ſhe rung the bell for her woman, who, coming

into the chamber juſt as the unlucky ſleeper was commencing a new attack, readily apprehended the cauſe of this confuſion. She was a *perfect* chamber-maid: his lordſhip, animated by the appearance of the light, was now half out of bed; when the girl artfully pretending to let the candle fall, ran out of the room, and double locked the door, thus preventing his lordſhip from ſtirring out, while ſhe haſtened to the noiſy gallant, to awake him, and inform him of the miſchief he had done.

There wanted not many arguments to make him quit the houſe: and the girl had preſence of mind ſufficient to throw open the dreſſing-room window, and conveying away ſome jewels and trinkets that were upon the toilet, ran and called the ſervants, telling the mthere were thieves in the houſe.

The

The little lord made a terrible battery to open his chamber-door, while Perdita kept ringing her bell inceſſantly,—the family came together, the houſe was ſearched,—the trinkets were miſſing, and the window wide open,—but no thieves were found. It was ſuppoſed, at the hazard of their necks, they had leaped from the window, and made their eſcape through the garden.

Perdita ſoon found opportunity to diſpoſe of the jewels, while the noble lover generouſly complimented her with a new aſſortment. However, ſhe was ſufficiently cautioned againſt inconſtancy with a gallant, who could neither keep his counſel when awake nor aſleep.

Love and avarice were ſo predominant in Perdita's boſom, that ſhe could

ſeldom

ſeldom reſiſt an opportunity of gratifying either; but when both could be centered in one object, the impulſe to gratification became irreſiſtible indeed. And the *petite tromperie* which ſhe afterwards practiſed againſt the chambermaid, to whoſe dexterity ſhe owed her late happy eſcape from detection, will be a ſtriking *trait* in the compoſition of this *fille precieuſe jolie!*

The chambermaid had ſome time been courted by a young fellow in the neighbourhood, with whom a marriage was ſpeedily to take place: but ſhe had alſo attracted the notice of an elderly gentleman, who paid his addreſſes to her upon a leſs honourable principle. The girl was young and ſprightly, had ſome ſhare of beauty, and a ſtill greater ſhare of that kind

of

art which diſtinguiſhes her profeſſion; and though her fidelity to the young lover was not to be ſhaken, ſtill ſhe had no objections to the *preſents* with which the old gentleman enforced his amorous ſuit.

The gardens of the houſe where Perdita as well as Mr. S —— reſided, communicated with a back lane, where the lovers uſed frequently to meet, and ſometimes ſauntered about the garden, or retired to an arbour, to indulge thoſe ſoft converſations, and whiſper that pretty chit-chat, which is the very ſoul of love.

One evening, very late, as Perdita was rambling about the garden, ſhe perceived a man come out of an alcove, and advance to her with very cautious ſpeed, which made her rather haſten towards the houſe; by a ſhort turn, he

he defeated her intention, and met her juſt at the entrance of a little thicket, when her apprehenſions were relieved by diſcovering it was Mr. S—— who taking it for *Sally*, (the fair chamber-maid) caught hold of her gown, as ſhe would have paſſed him, and cried out, now, Sally, I ſee you are a maid of honour, come, retire with me into the grove, where I have a preſent of a heart, and *ſomething elſe* to make you, which will be of more advantage to you than that of your *Robert*, though ſomewhat younger.

Perdita was confounded, and knew not what reply to make, leſs he ſhould find his miſtake, or rather diſcover who ſhe was:—her ſilence gave him occaſion to go on, which he did in this manner—What, not a word, *Sally?* or do you deſign I ſhould take your

your ſilence for conſent? If ſo—come my pretty creature, let us not loſe the hour love has gave us: at this he would have led her by the hand, which he kiſſed and preſſed very amorouſly. Her ſituation was highly critical:—not to go would certainly diſcover her—but to have complied, would have been beſtowing her favours at too cheap a rate.

In this ſuſpenſe, the venerable gallant, eager of joys to come, began taking ſome liberties, at the ſame time endeavouring to draw her into the arbor: which Perdita reſiſting; ſurely, Sally, he cried, you come not hither to bring me a denial!——Conſider, replied the fair one, conſider, I am a maid, and would not be diſcovered for the world.

Who can diſcover us, replied the lover?—what *I* ſhall take from you can

can never be miſſed, not even by your Robert himſelf upon your wedding night. Come—ſweet child, come:—ſtill ſhe pulled back, exclaiming, would you make a *miſtreſs* of me?—Would thou be a cherubin ſaid the rapturous ſpark?—make a miſtreſs of thee—ſurely—I have my *tools* about me; therefore let us loſe no time, but fall to work.

This laſt raillery, from the briſk old gentleman, had in ſpight of reſolution almoſt made Perdita burſt into a loud laughter, when he aſſumed more gravity and cry'd—come, come, Sally!—why all this fooliſh argument at this hour, at this place—and after ſo much ſerious courtſhip?—believe me, I'll be kind to thee for ever:—with that he clapt a purſe of guineas into one hand, and a *nameleſs ſomething* into

into the other—preſents which together might not have been unworthy Sally's acceptance. Perdita now tired of the converſation, was ſtudying ſome means to terminate the adventure, when looking round, ſhe ſoftly cried—are you ſure, Sir, we are ſafe?—for heaven's ſake ſtep towards the garden door, and ſee; for I would not be diſcovered for the world—Nor I, cried he—but do not fear—all is ſafe:—make us certain, however, (whiſpered ſhe) that my fears may not diſturb your joys.

The deluded lover haſtened to confirm the ſecurity, while Perdita ſlipped into the houſe, and reached her apartment unperceived by any perſon; leaving the expecting ſwain to range the garden for his fled nymph, and imprecate vengance upon the inconſtant ſex: while poor Sally was left to

ſettle the account of the guineas, and either reſtore or keep them on the proffered terms of giving all for love,—or rather in this caſe of giving all for *nothing*.

CHAP. VI.

A foreign hero introduced—Struggle for a diamond ring.

AS the ſeaſon now advanced when publić entertainments were commencing, and the capital became the ſcene for diſplaying female charms, Prerdita haſtened to town,—her firſt ſtep was to engage a box at the Opera, directly oppoſite to the illuſtrious Florizel's, whoſe youthful charms began now to excite ſoft wiſhes in the female breaſt: whether this ſtep was done by deſign or accident, the events which

which afterwards took place, will ſerve more effectually to evince: hitherto, however, ſhe was always conducted by her noble friend, among whoſe paſſions jealouſy had but a ſlender ſhare: and ſhe ſoon became the goddeſs whom all men worſhipped: her *petits ſoupers* were ſelect and elegant; her *levées* crowded; her box at the opera, (which was fitted up in the moſt ſuperb manner, and exactly in the ſtile of her Majeſty's of France) was ſurrounded by diſtinguiſhed *beaux*, and *reconnoïtred* by expiring *belles* with eyes of envy and abhorrence. The ſiſterhood employed all their arts, the news-papers teemed with *well-paid for* abuſe (ſometimes in caſh, and when that run low, with perſonal favors) but Perdita was ſtill *triumphant*.

The opera this ſeaſon was particularly crowded, for the capering *Veſtris* was all the rage, and that ſtripling's pride was raiſed to the higheſt pitch by the applauſe and favours he received from a people always mad after every exotic novelty; but eſpecially ſo when that novelty happens to be a paraſitical Frenchman.

Born upon the wings of a moſt unparalleled vanity, he thought no Engliſhwoman could poſſibly refuſe any favour he choſe to aſk; and no ſooner was he informed of the ſituation and connections of Perdita, than he inſtantly *reſolved* ſhe ſhould be his.

An acquaintance indeed was eaſily to be formed; for it was a uſual practice with the youth, juſt before the opera began, and as the mob of quality were flocking in, to ſtand perched upon

upon one of the higheſt benches in the pit, lending the ladies his officious hands, to mark their ſighs, and catch their glances—In ſhort, to be admired—

——One cries—"Sweet boy!
"Our *public* favourite, our *private* joy!
"Obſerve, my lady, what a *charming ſize*;
"Then what firm legs, and what delicious thighs!"
Broad ſtar'd hot matrons, who no meaſures kept,
And thro' their pin-prick'd fans young miſſes peep'd.

As dancing was an accompliſhment in which Perdita excelled, Veſtris took occaſion, in the courſe of ordinary chit-chat, to offer his ſervices in inſtructing her in the moſt faſhionable elegancies of his art; with an aſſurance that ſhe would ſoon excel *Devon's* fair Ducheſs, or the whole breed of *Engliſh dancing cows*, as his *papa* called them.

[To explain this unmannerly compariſon, the reader muſt be told, that on the Queen's birth-day, Veſtris being aſked whether he would go to the

ball, replied, that he "would juſt take a look in, to ſee how the *Engliſh brutes* danced." And being afterwards aſked his opinion, of the ladies, anſwered, "that would they condeſcend to receive ſome of his inſtructions in the *graces*, they might ſoon be able to cut a figure on the floor: but that at preſent, in the general run, they only *jigg'd* it like ſo many *dancing cows*."

Perdita was perhaps not unconſcious of his motives, but ſhe had formed deſigns of her own againſt the capering Frenchman: and therefore more readily liſtened to his ſuggeſtions; complimenting him with permiſſion to attend her *levée* upon the footing of an acquaintance.

Every frequenter of the opera muſt have obſervedthe vaſt plume of feathers which

which this young ſtripling wore on his head, to add to his heigth and conſequence; while his lily hand was ornamented with a very beautiful brilliant ring——It was this enchanting diamond which caught Perdita's attention; and of which ſhe artfully at length became the poſſeſſor.

Veſtris's profeſſion made his viſits leſs ſuſpected, and of courſe gave him many opportunities to *ſolicit* a favor which he had almoſt vanity enough to imagine ſhould have been beſtowed without that trouble: tho' for which, on the other hand, his miſtreſs was reſolved he ſhould pay a ſufficient price. And indeed Perdita had not omitted ſome hints how agreeable the poſſeſſion of the glittering gem would be to her; though they were not underſtood,

derſtood, or probably diſregarded by the artful lover.

One evening after receiving the higheſt plaudits from a moſt brilliant audience for the dexterity with which he whiſked and whirled upon his toe,--elevated to rapture with his applauſe, he attended Perdita to her houſe and enjoyed all the pleaſures which wit and wine could inſpire, in a *partie ſeule:* from the joys of converſation he proceeded in the purſuit of more *ſenſible* delights, and while Perdita lay extended at her eaſe on a ſofa, he took all the little and progreſſive liberties of preſſing her hands, ſtealing a kiſs from her balmy lips, reclining his head upon her ſnowy heaving boſom, and was almoſt proceeding to the laſt ſweet *conjunction,* when ſhe artfully caſt her eyes upon the brilliant, leſs ſparkling than

than themſelves, and under pretence of reſiſting his freedoms, dexterouſly ſlipped it from his finger, and placed it upon a hand from which it received additional luſtre.

Veſtris was diſconcerted at this ſudden unexpected manœuvre: it quite daſhed him back, when on the brink of happineſs; but recollecting himſelf, he affected to receive a compliment from this little theft of love, and kiſſed the hand which ſo highly honoured him. Rallying his powers, he once more proceeded to the grand attack; ſlightly running over the preliminary articles of kiſſes, roving with his hands o'er all the beauties of her neck and boſom, and even carrying them to the diviner ſeats of exalted bliſs, his rapture grew too impetuous for reſtraint, and while Perdita lay languiſhing

guiſhing for conſummation, fiercely tore open his cloaths, claſped to hers his beating, throbbing boſom, ruſhed between her ſnowy limbs, and ſoon expired in all the ardent extacies of thrilling ſenſation.

* * * * * * * * * *

This ſtate of the luſcious banquet only raiſed his deſires for further enjoyment: recovered from the trance of delight, his appetite ſeemed whetted only, not ſatiated; and he prevailed on his beautiful companion to indulge him with a night of happineſs. The night, indeed was pretty far ſpent, and they retired to bed—not to repoſe—but to riot in all the various modes of giving and receiving the greateſt earthly bleſſings: bleſſings which can never be conceived by the warmeſt fancy, unleſs enjoyed with a woman

ſo

ſo admirably calculated by nature, as Perdita is, to fire the heart, and communicate rapture; and ſo well inſtructed by art in every wanton feat of love, to raiſe its joys, protract and vary its pleaſures: in which not all the courtezans of ancient days, however initiated in the poſtures of Aretin, and the precepts of Ovid, could poſſibly excel her.

The wanton *kiſs*, the warm luxurious *move*, and every art to heighten the amorous ſtruggle, are at her command.

Nor was Veſtris an unexperienced pupil in the Paphian rites: nature, has given him a vigorous form, the activity of which is improved by his profeſſion, and perhaps ſome experience among the wanton ſignoras of the

ſtage.

ſtage. The ſwet Seſtini is ſaid to have yielded her charms to the king of capers.

The ſweet Seſtini, who more ſweet would prove
Didi *Iriſh uſquebaugh* leſs claim her love.

Baccelli too, who has bleſſed the ducal arms of the manly D—, now on the continent, has not ſcrupled to ſacrifice with the god of Dance to the Queen of Love; nor, if the Hay-market chronicles can be truſted, was he leſs happy with many more of thoſe fair foreigners.

CHAP. VII.

A digreſſion on conjunction, and oſculation.

WE happened to mention *conjunctions* in the preceding chapter, and as it is a ſubject on which we wiſh

wiſh to ſay ſomething, we ſhall take the opportunity of the lovers being more happily engaged to purſue the ſubject.

It is not the conjunction of the Sun and Planets, not even of Mars and Venus themſelves—but it is much leſs the conjunction of whigs and tories—that ſhall ever cauſe me to waſte one ſcrap of paper, or touch the point of my crow-quill pen.

The aſtronomers ſpeak of their planets being in *conjunction*, when in fact they are thouſands of miles aſunder.

The whigs and tories have no other idea of *junction* or *conjunction*, but in joining together to try which can moſt ſecurely and effectually plunder the nation's coffers; and their warmth in this junction ſeems really *à qui mieux mieux!*

Be it ever mine to participate of a much ſweeter *conjunction*, the *junction*, the *coalition* with a pair of *ſoft*, *ruby pouting* LIPS!

Numbers have looked upon theſe ſoft vehicles of delight, as the engines only of ſenſual joys. I mean to ſhew their power of conveying the different affections of the mind; and to communicate the different claſſes under which this delightful conjunction may be arranged in a methodical and ſyſtematic manner. All the philoſophers of ancient and modern times would think in vain to have attempted the diſcovery of what I have now hinted.

Hail, then, ye Kiſſes, that can beſt aſſuage
The pangs of love, and ſoften all its rage!
Ye balmy Kiſſes, that from roſes ſprung,
Roſes! on which the lips of Venus hung!

The various ſpecies of *Oſculation* I rank as follows:

1. The

1. The SIMPLE OSCULATION:

This is the kiſs indiſcriminate; or that which is expected by the fair from every man of gallantry, whenever he can find an opportunity; and which is often given to the ſapleſs, taſteleſs lips of an old maiden aunt, in order to enjoy the ſoft balmy ones of the young niece.

2. The FRIENDLY OSCULATION:

Is that with which we approach a female friend, after a conſiderable abſence; 'tis harmleſs and unmeaning as the kiſſes of children; and often given and received with indifference on both ſides.

3. The AFFECTIONATE OSCULATION:

Which applies in a particular manner to the paternal or maternal ſalute.

4. The EXPRESSIVE OSCULATION:

The trembling knees!—the faultering voice!—are preludes to that preſumption that dares approach the lips of a beloved fair one: If ſhe receives it paſſively,

The next aſcent is,

5. The ARDENT OSCULATION:

Bluſhing, ſhe yields her lips to your compreſſure, while you communicate to her the flame that enkindles a paſſion warm as your deſires could wiſh; and

With one long, long kiſs improve
The mutual extaſies of love.

The conſequence of which is

6. The RECIPROCAL OSCULATION.

Hail, tranſporting moments, when ſhe is ſo perſuaded of your honour and con-

conſtancy, as to dare give you the convincing proof of your ſovereignty over her heart!—Oh, the dear rapturous idea, *to love, and be beloved!*

How charmingly has *Secundus* expreſſed the delights of this reciprocal kiſs?—

"One little kiſs, ſweet maid!" (I cry,)
And round my neck your arms you twine;
Your luſcious lips of crimſon dye,
With eager haſte encounter mine.
Then from my fond embrace you ſpring,
And ſnatch your balmy mouth away;
So from the Serpent's vengeful ſting,
The ruſtic ſtarts in wild diſmay:
Is this to grant the wiſh'd for Kiſs?—
Ah, no my love—'tis but to fire
The boſom with a tranſient bliſs,
Enflaming unallay'd deſire."

This *unallayed deſire* very naturally leads to the grand climacteric of kiſſing, which I ſhall call

7. The LUXURIANT OSCULATION:

This is preparatory to the *concluſive conjunction*, and is a concentration of all the leſſer pleaſures—It is not deſcribable, but muſt be left to the glowing conception of thoſe readers who have felt, or do feel this ſupreme extaſy; when

Lips preſs on lips, careſſing and careſt!
Now eye darts flame to eye, and breaſt to breaſt!

This is that rapturous kiſs which Solomon muſt allude to, when he makes the fair one requeſt of her lover, that "he ſhould kiſs her with the kiſſes of his mouth," and this *luxuriant* oſculation muſt have conſtituted the chief pleaſure of thoſe unhappy women whom he thus cooped up: for he could not poſſibly bleſs them *all* with the *conjunction copulative*, had he been even invigorated by the ethereal vivifying powers of a certain modern Æſculapius.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Character of a royal lover—Inſtance of generoſity — Maſquerade anecdotes— Incident at a bagnio—Firſt interview —Fatal diſappointment—Conſummation of Love—Various incidents.

THE youth who is heir apparent to the greateſt eſtate in a very opulent community, will always be an object of peculiar attention to all the members of that community; and if to the advantages of rank and wealth, he ſhould join the greater excellencies of an accompliſhed perſon, and an elegant ſenſible mind, he muſt be particularly the wiſh of every female heart, and every artful lure will be practiſed to captivate his.

The

The amiable and exalted youth, to attract whoſe attention Perdita put in practice every wile within the compaſs of female art, was educated under the eye of the moſt exemplary parents,—of the moſt virtuous and happy couple in domeſtic life in the whole extent of their country: it may truly and with pleaſure be told, that the illuſtrious boy unites to a ſound, enlightened underſtanding, the moſt pleaſing manners, with a bold and enterprizing, yet a ſweet and gracious ſpirit. His perſonal accompliſhments are not inferior to thoſe of his mind; and he enchants the beholder by that manly grace and elegance with which he performs all the exerciſes of riding, dancing, fencing; while the expreſſion of the moſt agreeable paſſions are diſplayed in the fineſt features, animated

and

and ſet off by the moſt enchanting union of nature's pureſt red and white.

Such ſuperior qualities would have raiſed their poſſeſſor to the moſt diſtinguiſhed rank in any community: where every lady would have ſought him for a lover; and every man of rank would be happy to patronize him. How very great, then, muſt be the competition for his favour, where his rank is ſuch as to patronize nobility, and to make his ſmiles the higheſt objects of female vanity!

Many were the ſnares laid for the heart of this young hero, by the females of his father's houſhold; and the immediate attendants upon his mother; who, more experienced in the wiles of love, oft endeavoured to allure his amorous eye by a full diſplay of their beauty:—and to ſay that he

was

was at all times inſenſible to ſuch beauties, or never taſted that extatic bliſs which many divinities longed to beſtow, would be rather detracting from, than adding to his merit: as certainly among other accompliſhments, that of a warm and truly ſuſceptible heart, was by no means the leaſt.

The foibles and errors of mankind are generally much more trumpetted abroad and enlarged upon, than their beneficent and good actions; and this has been pretty fully illuſtrated in the inſtance of the character before us; whoſe juvenile frolics have been exhibited in all the force of *caricatura*, while the curtain is dropt before *traits* of benevolence that do credit to human nature; for notwithſtanding his youthful follies, he inherits the ſame goodneſs

neſs of heart, that has been the leading feature in the character of his anceſtors; which the following well-known fact will evidently prove.

A worthy family in the neighbourhood of Windſor, conſiſting of an infirm old man, two ſons and a daughter, were reduced from a comfortable ſubſiſtence to the moſt diſtreſſing want, by a dreadful fire, which conſumed every thing they poſſeſſed, while themſelves but juſt eſcaped with their lives. This happened in the ſevere part of winter, and they were obliged to quit their habitation almoſt naked, by which the old man got ſo ſevere a cold, that his life was deſpaired of. The neighbours afforded them all the aſſiſtance in their power; but their chief friend was an apothecary, who readily gave them his advice, and ſupplied them with

with a little preſent money. The eldeſt ſon not being able to procure any employment, by which he might aſſiſt his aged parent, raſhly enliſted with a recruiting party who came into the village, on a promiſe from the officer that he ſhould be promoted to the rank of ſerjeant;—the daughter earned ſomething by working at her needle for an elderly lady who generouſly employed her on account of their diſtreſs.

The father was almoſt diſtracted at the conduct of his ſon; and the latter ſoon found the promiſe of promotion was a mere decoy; for juſt as he had entered, another man was made ſerjeant, on *coming down handſomely*. The ſmall pay of a private made it impoſſible for him to aſſiſt his father; and all attempts to procure his liberty, either by

by interceſſion or intereſt proved ineffectual; the officer behaving on every occaſion with the utmoſt inſolence and brutality.

As the regiment was on its route in a part of Berkſhire, they made a halt in a town through which it happened that the P—— was taking an airing: at that time the young man was ſitting at the door of an inn, in the greateſt anxiety, while ſome of his companions were endeavouring to comfort him:—this attracted the P——'s attention, and he took means to be informed of the cauſe of his grief: when he underſtood the particulars, he loſt no time in getting an interview with the officer, and after pointing out to him the inhumanity of his conduct, in the ſtrongeſt colours, told him he never again ſhould have it in his power to diſgrace the pro-

 feſſion

feſſion by ſuch brutal behaviour, and immediately with the greateſt indignation ordered him from his preſence. The P—— accordingly, by relating the circumſtance to his m-- procured the youth his diſcharge; and ordering him to be brought to him, after commending him much for his filial affection, told him every thing ſhould be made happy to him: and diſmiſſed him with a handſome preſent. He in fact, intereſted himſelf ſo much in the affair, that he went privately to the family, and relieved them with a bountiful hand: and this circumſtance is well known in the whole county, though the P—— did every thing as privately as poſſible.

One ſuch god-like action may well atone for many inſtances of wildneſs, occaſioned

occaſioned by the vivacity of youth, in the hey-day of blood and ſpirits.

As Florizel approached to manhood, every female heart was upon the rack, to captivate his attention, and to enjoy his charms:—*maids* of *profeſſed honour*, as well as ladies of no honour at all, threw out their lure for the royal bird; and the conteſt was warm among the moſt diſtinguiſhed of the Cyprian corp—*Perdita*, the *Bird of Paradiſe*, *Dally*, and the *Armſt——d*.

The former, however, whether conſcious of her ſuperior beauty, or more warmly actuated by ambition's views, was indefatigable in the purſuit; and as fortune is ſaid to favour the bold, was the moſt ſucceſsful in her attempts. Indeed, ſhe was aſſiſted by a *friend* the leaſt expected of all others; Lord M—n, whether the dupe to her artifice, or

whether ſomewhat cloyed of her charms, took every opportunity to place her in the way of his H——ſs.

Habited *à la chaſſe*, ſhe conſtantly attended the royal hunts; and ever and anon, when the hounds were at fault, took the opportunity of croſſing the hunters, by way of exhibiting her lovely perſon to the numerous ſpectators; and though for ſome time unſucceſsful in attracting the wiſhed-for object, ſecondary views were anſwered by the bare ſuppoſal of ſuch an amorous connection.

Her wiſhes were at length gratified —for returning one day from the hunt, ſhe *accidently* met his highneſs, who with equal condeſcenſion and familiarity ſtopped to converſe with her. The *tête-à-tête* laſted for ſome minutes, in a converſation of wit, repartee, and laughter.

laughter, when they ſhook hands and parted; Perdita's heart not a little overflowing with triumph on mounting this firſt ſtep of ambition's ladder.

Every engine was now ſet to work to fix the auguſt youth: the news-papers teemed with congratulations on her conqueſt; her *new* apartments were announced—her *new* carriage was *beſpoke*—her jewels choſen—her plate—and that moſt wiſhed for object, the *ſettlement* was ſtipulated—long before Florizel had condeſcended to favour her with the *ſimple oſculation*, or kiſs complimentary.

Lord M—— had very obligingly undertaken the office of introducing her again to the P——, at an approaching maſquerade, which was to be celebrated at the Pantheon, where ſhe appeared in a domino over a ſcarlet

coat, attended by a female friend; but she did not unmask the whole evening: Lord M—— joined them, and while they were sauntering about the rooms previous to the expected entry of his h—ss, Perdita could not refrain from displaying her wit upon a mask, in the habit of a beggar; to whom she observed,—"it was very odd that such a poor vagabond as she should have found out, that the nearest way to St. *Giles's* was through the Pantheon—the proprietors are certainly much obliged to you!"——"Sweet young gentlewoman, said the ragged wanderer,—the geographers and travellers are much more obliged to you, who have discovered that the *direct* road to *Wales*, is through *Malden!*"

The P——, in consequence of some other engagement, did not come to the masquerade

maſquerade this evening; but Mrs. Arm——d, in order, as 'twas ſuppoſed to pique Perdita, had dreſſed up a figure reſembling the P——; another was habited as one of his train, who was artfully planted to watch their feigned dalliance in another apartment, in order to give the *puff amorous*; but unfortunately the deſign was found out by ſome who knew the parties; and Mrs. A——d, not being able to reſiſt the amorous approaches of the ſuppoſitious Florizel, was detected in a *very critical moment*; and thus the *cat was let publicly out of the bag*.

A more ingenious manœuvre was played-off by Perdita, who equipped a very diverting character in the habit of a mountebank doctor, diſtributing the following bill to his female cuſtomers:

"Among

"Among the many curious wares to be had only of Dr. *Coſmetic*, is an infallible *Love Powder*, which does not depend for its effects *entirely on candle-light*. A ſmall quantity muſt be blown in the eyes;—it was by virtue of this powder that the pretty and elegant Perdita caught the heart of the princely Florizel. A great deal of *wit* and a *handſome leg* have been known to aſſiſt the powder prodigiouſly. The charm may be conſtantly carried about the perſon, but by too frequent uſe, loſes its virtue."

No Prince appearing, and Lord M—n having left the ladies, they were preſently joined by a well-known, ſtrapping Iriſh officer, to whom they complained much of their *ennui*, and after ſome converſation, the ſcene of their amuſement, was changed to *uncertain*.

certain convent, where an elegant ſupper made the prologue to a more gratifying entertainment. But as each lady was equally deſirous of having the captain for a bed-fellow, and as the captain could not divide *himſelf*, however he might his favours; he therefore propoſed that they ſhould go to bed together, previouſly determining by a ſhake of the dice which of the ladies ſhould commence the Cytherean combat, and enjoy the *firſt fruits* of his athletic exertions; when fortune declared in favour of Perdita, whoſe ſoft hands he ſoon found applying themſelves to the *locum ſigillis*, after he had placed himſelf in this emporium of bliſs. And though her companion was *laſt*, ſhe was by no means *leaſt* in her ſhare of the *priapian* ſpoils; for if the attack was not literally *a part for the*

whole

whole, it was certainly a very *eligible* PART *in the* WHOLE.

Lord M— however ultimately kept his promiſe, and ſhe was really introduced to Florizel, who became greatly captivated with her charms; and though Perdita by no means deſerves the epithet of *une fille precieuſe*, or what we uſually call a *prude*, yet policy taught her to aſſume that character with the royal lover, and refuſe to gratify his ardent paſſions on a momentary ſummons.

Many profeſſions of love, many vows, and prayers, and ſighs, but much more *gold* did it coſt him to ſtorm the fort, or rather to carry the town: and in the laſt mode of attack, he ſhewed himſelf no leſs the ſoldier than the lover:

They

They may be falſe who languiſh and complain;
But they who part with *money*—never feign.

The firſt preſent, upon record, was an elegant bracelet, with his picture in gold; an inſtance of his ſincere and permanent affection; which he accompanied with a genteel compliment—"That the portrait was but a *miniature* of his paſſion,—but it was a teſtimony of his real fondneſs.

The extravagancies of lovers are never to be wondered at, otherwiſe we ſhould relate with ſurpriſe the enthuſiaſm of this gallant prince, who to convince Perdita of the ſincerity of his paſſion, actually pricked a vein in his arm, that he might ſign a letter with his own blood. This compliment was flattering in the extreme. It raiſed the hopes of Perdita that one day the blood r——l might flow in the veins

of

of her poſterity; and that, like Nell Gwynn, or Louiſa de Querouailles, ſhe might behold her children, and grand-children, decorated with ducal coronets.

Vanity and ambition ſurmounted every idea of intereſt and prudence, and before the ſettlement was fixed, ſhe yielded.

For reaſons known beſt to themſelves, the happy aſſignation was to take place at Colnbrooke, near which place Florizel's conſtant companion St. L—— had taken a villa for the enjoyment of rural recreation, and perhaps alſo of ſuch other *country matters* as Hamlet alludes to.

It was evening when he entered her apartment, and found her reclined on her bed, in an undreſs which, if poſſible, by its looſe wanton negligence

and

and gaiety, augmented her natural charms; he fell on his knees by her bed-side, and gazed awhile, unable to ſpeak for tranſports of love and joy; Perdita too was ſilent, till his eager kiſſes put her into motion, and with a ſigh ſhe preſſed his hands, which from that ſoft encouragement attempted a thouſand charming liberties, that only made him madder for enjoyment: Perdita, too, burnt with equal fire, with equal languiſhment, which broke out in every word, in every look; her trembling tongue, her feeble fainting voice betrayed it all—ſighs interrupted every ſyllable—a charming languor dwelt in her eyes—ſhort and double breathings heaved her ſnowy, ſwelling breaſt—her hands graſped him trembling as they cloſed, while ſhe permitted his unheeded to traverſe all her beau-

ties, till quite forgetting all,—abandoning himſelf to joy, he ruſhed upon *her*, who lay all fainting beneath his *uſeleſs* weight—for on a ſudden all his power was fled,—ſwifter than lightening hurried through his enfeebled veins, and vaniſhed all!

Surpriſed and confounded at his condition, he diſengaged himſelf from the arms of Perdita, perſuaded that his inability ſoon would vaniſh; but how infinite his aſtoniſhment to find it ſtill continue, and that a hand which he thought could have created manhood under the ribs of death, was employed to no other purpoſe than to make him more humblingly ſenſible of his weakneſs*.

* See a curious letter from *Florizel* to *Perdita*, in that very entertaining work, the Rambler's Magazine, for October 1783.

"Heavens,

"Heavens, cried the youth, to have Perdita in my arms, undreſt, all looſe and languiſhing, fit for the mighty buſineſs of love, and then to lie a tame cold ſigher only, as if the appointment had been given but to hear me prattle, ſee me gaze at her, or tell her what a pretty ſight it was to ſee the moon ſhine through the dancing boughs—O d—n my hardened dulneſs." ——

Finiſhing his exclamation, he replaced himſelf in a certain poſition,—he found his flames ſtill burning with the greateſt ardour, but not even the application of Perdita's ſoft hand could poſſibly rouſe the languid godhead; his mad deſires remained, but all inactive, as age or death itſelf; as feeble, and unfit for joy, as if his youthful fire had long been paſt, or Perdita had ne'er been bleſt with charms—and ſhall it

be ſaid that Florizel, the gay and lively Florizel, who never failed the woman he ſcarce wiſhed for, the moſt homely of his mother's train; never balked the amorous conceited old nor the ill-favoured young; yet when he had extended in his arms the charming longing Perdita, yielding, defenceleſs and unguarded, he wanted power to ſeize the trembling prey!!

They parted,—with what ſentiments on each ſide may be better imagined than deſcribed—with an aching heart he reached St. L——'s farm, where he threw himſelf on a bed, almoſt burſting with all the different pains that ever racked a ſoul, extravagantly ſeized with frantic love: from whence he wrote the letter above referred to, and requeſting an interview the enſuing night.

The

The wiſhed-for moment at length arrived: he endeavoured to be more maſter of his paſſions, the rapidity and ſtrength of which had been ſuch a bane to his happineſs—and by the aſſiſtance of his beloved, who had taken care to provide ſuch exhilirating cordials, ſuch animating auxiliaries to reſtore the powers of enfeebled love, as muſt have enlivened any human frame in which the leaſt ſpark of the vital fire was yet remaining.

We cannot do greater juſtice to this night's interview, than by extracting the rapturous moments of it, from another royal epiſtle in the *Rambler's Supplement* for laſt year, recommending the reader to that work for peruſal of the whole, which for fancy, elegance, and animated deſcription, can do no diſcredit to the ſuppoſed princely writer.

To Perdita.

"I can no more deſcribe the tor-
"ments with which I left Colnbrooke,
"than I can that heaven of joy to
"which I was raiſed laſt night, by
"the tranſporting effects of thy won-
"drous love:—both are to exceſs—
"both killing, though in different
"kinds ——

"Still muſt I repeat the ſtory of
"laſt night, when I found thee claſped
"in my arms, weeping with eager
"love, with melting ſoftneſs, on my
"boſom—that glorious night, the
"firſt of all my joys, the bleſſedeſt
"of my life, trembling and fainting
"I approached your chamber, where
"you met me at the door, and I fell
"lifeleſs in your arms——what dear
"arts you uſed to bring me back to
"life,—then kneeling on the carpet

"where

"where we lay, how did you ſwear
"never to love another man—your
"vows ſtopt all my language as your
"kiſſes did my lips—Then, my Per-
"dita, certain of your heart, I preſſed
"my eager joys, but with ſuch tender
"caution, as overcame your faint re-
"ſiſtance;—then a ſoft ſtruggling fol-
"lowed, with half breathed words,
"with ſighs, and trembling hearts,
"and now and then "ah, cruel and
"unreaſonable!" was faintly ſaid on
"both ſides:—thus ſtrove, thus ar-
"gued,—till both lay panting in each
"others arms, not with the toil, but
"rapture * * *

* * * * * * * * *

"I need not ſay what followed this,
"—ſighs of joy, and cloſe embraces
"ſpoke all the reſt.—And after each
"amorous conflict, you vowed you

"loved

" loved me more than ever yet you
" did; and all the live-long night
" heard no other ſounds but thoſe
" of mutual vows, of invocations,
" broken ſighs, and ſoft and trem-
" bling whiſpers.

" A heaven of joy is now opened
" to my view; and I have nothing in
" proſpect but angel brightneſs, glitter-
" ing youth, dazzling beauty, raviſh-
" ing *touches*, and inconceivable tran-
" ſports without concluſion. Mahomet
" never fancied ſuch a heaven; nor can
" all his celeſtial enjoyments, though
" promiſed years *of fainting in one con-*
" *tinued extaſy*, equal *one moment's* joy
" with charming Perdita.—Thou dear
" delight of my fond doating heart,
" adieu! till night again conduct to
" your arms

The adoring

FLORIZEL."

Days, weeks, and months ran on in this intercourſe of pleaſure, and Perdita was now the envy of every female heart: her chariot, her phæton, her dreſs, her every thing, was equally the ſubject of cenſure and imitation; and every new gown ſet the giddy circle in an uproar. She ſometimes flaunted in a cabriole, drawn by milk white ponies, and ſeemed like the Cyprian goddeſs, deſcended from the celeſtial regions to viſit this favourite iſle.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Vain attempts to excite jealouſy—A princely carouſe and a valorous engagement with Towſer, *happily attended with no fatal cataſtrophe.*

THE old *maids of honour* now unanimouſly entered into a league againſt the happy wanton, and the illuſtrious youth, whoſe want of taſte could prefer her to their more *blooming* charms. Many tales of ſcandal were propagated, and ſome believed; but as yet it was only the honey-moon of gratification, and the little wounds which jealouſy gave were ſoon healed up. Sometimes her favours were ſaid to be conferred upon one lover, ſometimes upon another; now Sir John L—de

L—de was the happy man; now Karlo Khan was the imaginary favorite of the day; and an elegant *vis-à-vis* which ſhe then launched, and coſt ſeven hundred guineas, was ſaid to have ariſen from a ſubſcription at Bootle's. Perdita's wit and ingenuity, however, enabled her to overcome the effect of this ſcandal, and ſhe reigned paramount in her lover's affections. Among the adventures which happened to the royal youth during his intimacy with Perdita, we cannot forbear relating one, as a kind of princely frolic, when in his cups.

Florizel was engaged to paſs the evening with his beloved, but receiving a very preſſing invitation from Lord C——d at Blackheath, and falling in company with Colonel Charles F—y, they ſet off together for this con-

convivial rout. His Lordſhip gave them a moſt magnificent and ſplendid entertainment; there were ſeveral noblemen, with D—t, T—n, St. L—r, George S—n, and other diſtinguiſhed wits. The wine was excellent, and they drank, little leſs than a dozen bottles a man, till they were all in a ſtate of complete intoxication, except St. L—r, who certainly has a head like a rock, and remained as ſober as a methodiſt preacher: and very luckily he was ſo, as he thus prevented ſome *comical* ſituations from ending with a *tragical* cataſtrophe: For Florizel's valour engaged him in a *rencontre* that had almoſt proved fatal. Having ſallied forth into the garden, he courageouſly undertook to combat *Towſer*, a very large and fierce maſtiff, whom he really unchained; but the

dog

dog very fortunately declined the engagement, leaving only ſome ſlight marks of his paws upon Florizel, and flew upon a ſervant, whoſe arm he tore in a moſt ſhocking manner; then attacked one of the horſes in a poſt-chaiſe, and was continuing his depredations, when the gardener, who alone had any power over him, appeared, and prevented farther miſchief in the firſt ſcene of this tragi-comic performance.

This was about two o'clock, and the *fraca* having ſomewhat *ſoberized* his Lordſhip's viſitors, they were prevailed upon to retire, or rather to be *conducted* to bed: about five Florizel roſe, and his Lordſhip, eager to teſtify his reſpect for his r—l viſitor, was attending him down ſtairs, when he unfortunately made a falſe ſtep, and fall-

ing backwards, struck his head against the iron rail, which however was only followed by a slight contusion.

Florizel jumped into his phaeton, and arrived in *statu quo* at B——m house before six o'clock; in the evening he went to his dulcinea, whom he entertained with a facetious account of the preceding night's merriment.

Upon a nice inspection, the noble lord's skull was happily found to be so thick, that the faculty soon had the pleasure of acquainting the fashionable world, that his brain was not in the least affected: they declared that the *os frontis* was *doubly fortified*, by the *ossification* of some of the internal contents, in the manner which *Pliny*, the great naturalist reports to have been the case with some animals found in the mountain of Thrace who were no

less

less remarkable for the almost *petrified* state of their foreheads, than the *extreme length* of their *ears*.

On his Lordship's recovery, the same noble party were summoned to make another batch, but Florizel was forbid to attend, unless *Towser* was first discharged.

CHAP. X.

The negotiation of a foreign embassy—A powerful rival introduced from France—The interview—The collision, an anecdote of a great continental lady—Termination of a royal Amour.

WHILE Perdita was thus happy in the arms of one royal lover, she unintentionally contributed to raise

a flame in the breaſt of another: for the gay and amorous Comte d' Artois, cloyed with the dull ſameneſs of matrimonial pleaſures, ſent over an eminent artiſt to provide an aſſortment of the pictures of our moſt celebrated Britiſh beauties: among theſe the painter very naturally diſpatched over to the continent a portrait of the fair Perdita, which had ſo powerful an impreſſion upon the amorous blood-royal that he immediately diſpatched overtures of a very flattering nature to the fair original,—whoſe very *high expectations* at that time, prevented her compliance with the princely invitation. The gallant Chol—y officiated as ambaſſador *extraordinary* on the occaſion: but the negociation ended only in raiſing a little ſpark of jealouſy in the breaſt of Florizel, while, by proper

manage-

management on the fair one's part, he was more firmly ſecured in her enchanting fetters.

It was imagined by ſome, however, that the overtures made by this *Gallic ſprig of royalty*, had ſomething more in view than the mere poſſeſſion of our *frail ſiſter*, when he invited her to Paris. The French ladies are the vehicles of all political information; they are in every ſecret, and they are the hinges upon which turn every great movement in the French body politic:—in conſequence of their gallantry too, that nation has better intelligence than by any other means: and from the ſuppoſed poſſeſſion, and the influence that of courſe Perdita muſt be imagined to have over her royal enamorato, it was ſuſpected that a plan of this kind gave riſe to the invitation.

Unſucceſsful in the attempt to detach Perdita from her lover, another was made to take the lover from his miſtreſs: and the ſame manœuvre was practiſed againſt Florizel, with which Louis XIV. ſo artfully managed that amorous monarch, Charles II. by means of the bewitching Ducheſs of Portſmouth.

The Count continued his correſpondence with a certain gay honourable friend of Florizel's, to whom he recommended a beautiful *demi-rep* of Paris, who actually came over, and was introduced to him by the mediation of the above nobleman. This lady, who was ſo much to occupy the attention of Florizel, was a baſtard of the late K—— of D——; (or as ſome pretended, of his miſtreſs:)—ſhe had been the favorite of the Count,—had

had

had the honour of repoſing with him on the bed where Louis XV. breathed his laſt;—was married under his patronage, and devoted to his intereſt: it was artfully inſinuated by the honorable go-between, that the fair one was brought over with a view to prevent the princely youth from falling into the hands of faction; and as ſuch was therefore a friend to this country, whatever prudes might urge againſt the connection.

At length the fair one arrived, whoſe charms had been painted in ſuch glowing colours as really to excite wiſhes in the heart of Florizel. The evening on which ſhe entered the Britiſh metropolis, he was obliged to attend his papa and mama to the theatre, but during the performance a billet was diſpatched to inform him of

his

His approaching happiness; about twelve he contrived, under pretence of indisposition, to leave his parents, when instead of throwing himself into the arms of Morpheus, he slipt out unknown to the family, and flew to the habitation of his beloved.

Supper was provided, as the Right Honorable friend had with infinite good-nature contrived the interview: Florizel came, blooming in youth, and in all the transport of expected happiness. No men were admitted to wait at table, but two Gallic maids (who attended the favoured fair in her excursion) did the offices of the male servants for the night. After the viands were removed, the friend withdrew, and left the enraptured youth to the consummation of his wishes.—What followed, the lovers can only tell.

The

The authenticity of the *amorous* part of this ſtory has never been diſputed—and far be it from our deſign to mix the rough detail of *politics* with the ſofter delights of *love*.

But the introduction of this lady has been aſcribed to another motive; it being the policy of Florizel's then governeſs, that his amours ſhould no longer be *inſular* but *continental*: (this was indeed giving him a taſte very different from our Royal Harry the Eighth, who had an utter averſion to *Flanders mares*): She was really the baſtard of the northern monarch we have mentioned, and was married to a perſon who enjoyed a lucrative ſituation in a certain electorate, by the appointment of thoſe who were ſuppoſed to have ſupplanted the illuſtrious D— of Br——h. She was no leſs a confident

fident of the great governeſs, than a companion to the young miſſes.

An elegant retreat was provided for her on the banks of the Thames, where ſhe reſided at the expence of her patroneſs; and ſuch was the deſire of attaching Florizel to her influence, that even his weekly attendance at the palace was interrupted, and every thing beſpoke the triumph of a German cabal.

When the favorite German attendant, alluded to above, firſt took her happy tour into this country, her only idea was that of making a fortune at the expence of Engliſh credulity, and by the exertion of every foreign artifice: from her ſituation ſhe was in many reſpects able to accompliſh her higheſt wiſhes on this point: in the boſom of her miſtreſs, ſhe could eaſily command the attention of many whoſe intereſt made them

them pay court to her; and having like moſt foreign females a ſtrong propenſity to politics, ſhe often became poſſeſſed of ſecrets, by which ſhe was enabled to actuate the Engliſh funds to her own very great emolument: and Madame S—— was a moſt ſtriking inſtance how far original meanneſs could operate, after having realized an immenſe fortune.

In B——m houſe there is a certain box wherein is put the *halfs*, *quarters*, and *ends* of wax candles: Madame S——, (who is doubtleſs a notable houſewife) having one night ſecured a large parcel of this *prog*, as 'tis called, to ſupply a ſecond-hand dealer with whom ſhe was in contract, was met on the ſtairs by a man ſervant, who was ſtealing to the apartment of a *female friend*; and as lovers ſometimes meet

half

half way, the fellow claſped in his arms her ladyſhip *inſtead of his Joan*, till the cargo of unlighted candles fell from the *tail of her ſmock*; and it was very ſincerely believed that the candles were not the *only prog* which *Madame* had in view, and which ſhe really *laid hold of*.

The plan that had been thus laid againſt our heroine's connection with her royal friend was attended with the wiſhed-for ſucceſs. Whether infatuated by the charms of his new miſtreſs, cloyed with too long enjoyment of the luſcious banquet of Perdita's charms, or really rouſed to reſentment by her inconſtancy, which began now to appear openly, it is not poſitively to be ſaid: that men of gallantry were conſtantly ſeen at her houſe, and that ſhe was gallanted about the town, and to all

all public places, by the moſt noted *beaux garcons*, the Duke of D——, Earl of C——, Lord F——, and St. L——, was very obvious; ſhe was ſaid to be two nights at Epſom with the Duc de Chartres, and that he had preſented her with a moſt valuable diamond necklace. Florizel knew ſhe could not reſiſt ſo many fine fellows—ſhe was no ſolamander; and as her paſſions were very lively he could not ſuppoſe ſhe could exiſt in the fire unſcorched.

In the midſt of theſe tranſactions, Perdita's huſband, who had all this time lived *nobody knew how*, began to think he was neglected, and that he was not properly recompenſed for the ſacrifice he made of his wife, and accordingly offered ſome remonſtrances which were not attended to. At the

ſame time Perdita made ſome bold advances for a ſettlement, to which Florizel turned a deaf ear; and he was ſoon after informed that the *cara ſpoſa* had reſolved to lie in ambuſh to detect his wife's infidelity, and proſecute for *crim. con.* not doubting but he ſhould obtain very conſiderable damages.

In this dilemma he made a confidant of a near relation who had paid pretty ſeverely for indiſcretion with married ladies; his uncle diſſuaded from him having any further concern with *Perdita*, as his amours had afforded ſuch ample topic for the ſcandalous Chronicle; and if he purſued it, would probably ſoon have a diſcuſſion in a court of juſtice, where he would only be expoſed in a more conſpicuous manner.

During

During their intimacy, Florizel had been ſo imprudent as to write ſeveral letters to Perdita, as we have ſeen above; on the firſt appearance of a coolneſs, ſhe roundly wrote to him, "that if her eſtabliſhment was not duly arranged within the ſpace of fourteen days from that period, his h——ſs muſt not be ſurpriſed, if he ſaw a full publication of thoſe ſeductory epiſtles, which alone had eſtranged her from virtue and the marriage vow."

Whether thoſe letters are ſo very elegant as ſome which his near relation wrote to a certain lady, the public muſt judge from the peruſal of both; for though he had prudence enough to offer a ſum of money for the recovery of the *originals*, yet 'tis certain that a *copy* of them was by *ſome means* procured, which have ſince been publiſhed

by Mr. *Liſter*, in the Old-Bailey, a gentleman to whom the world is much obliged for many curious publications of the amorous claſs, with which he has favoured them.

CHAP. XI.

Introductory matter—A Trip to Margate—A new connection which has a curious cataſtrophe.

THE fair Pariſian, or rather German emigrant, continued to hold Florizel in love's ſoft chains, and her town reſidence in Cumberland-ſtreet became the ſeat of *mighty* joy; the loves and graces ſeemed to have fixed their habitation there; nor was the roſy god a niggard of his favours: the Windſor

miſſes

miſſes wept, the maids of honour ſickened at the tale, and Perdita ſung with Lucy in the Beggar's Opera,

With rage I redden like ſcarlet,
That my dear inconſtant varlet,
Stark blind to my charms
Is loſt in the arms
Of that jilt, that inviegling harlot.
This, this my reſentment alarms.

Clarges-ſtreet could now no longer boaſt the honour of a royal viſitant: in vain did ſhe parade with her ſmart equipage about the park; Mrs. E—ad monopolized his affections, and Perdita had only to bewail the heart-felt reproaches of vanity and pride, with no other conſolation than the fellowſhip of her *tiny* lord; and ſometimes the brutal attacks of the *thing* her huſband. 'Twas ſaid, indeed, the managers of Drury-lane theatre had made

overtures of a very advantageous nature, which ſhe refuſed; however, after a conſtant diſplay of her lovely perſon at one or other of the theatres during a week, ſhe ſet off amidſt the adieus of her friends, as well as of her *huſband*, for Margate; from whence ſhe intended, the firſt opportunity, of making a trip to Paris, with the remainder of what caſh ſhe had ſaved from the bounty of her royal inconſtant. She firſt, however, very honourably diſcharged the bills of her mercer, millener, &c. For whatever imputations, in point of family expenditure or private extravagance, may have fallen to her lot, her worſt enemies beſtow on Perdita all the encomiums due to affability and refined manners; and ſhe has frequently convinced the world that the gifts of her generous admirers were

not

not ill-beſtowed; and that affluence often proves more beneficial to the offices of *humanity*, in the hands of frail *ſenſibility*, than in the griping clutches of ſtern and rigid *virtue!* Profiting, however, by recent example, ſhe firmly reſolved, in caſe of a Pariſian trip, that not even a prince of the blood ſhould ſit down to an Engliſh banquet without paying his full reckoning before he broke his faſt.

Scandal never inſinuated that the waters of Margate were any otherwiſe neceſſary to Perdita, than as a recreation; yet it was boldly ſaid that Florizel might have done well to have viſited the briny deep from another cauſe. For though he had promiſed and vowed obedience to his mamma, and fidelity to the frenchified German favourite; yet the *modeſty* of his Wind-

ſor apothecary, who ſome time afterwards ſent in a bill for 947*l.* for medicines and about two months attenddance; gave ſhrewd ſuſpicions that he had not ſo often ſacrificed at the Cytherean ſhrine, without carrying *fire* from the *altar!*

This ſum indeed, appeared to be ſo enormous and unprecedented, that it was thought proper to refer the bill to an examination of ſome of the faculty of London; who, after the ſtricteſt examination, and in juſtice and honour to the profeſſion, deducted no leſs than 647*l.* from it!!

Among the many viſitants to Margate this ſeaſon, was a well-known pompous Iſraelite, not far from St. Mary-Axe, whoſe bodily diſtortions are concealed under heaps of tinſelled embroidery: the famed Gorgonic head

of

of Meduſa was leſs horrid than his countenance, where deformity had in triumph taken her ſeat; nor could his ſupreme uglineſs be poſſibly exceeded by ought but his amorous vanity, which made him an eaſy prey to every artful woman. He ſoon was, or pretended to be, ſmitten with the charms of Perdita, and laid himſelf and his golden treaſures at her feet. The proſpect of ſo rich a harveſt, militated againſt her intended continental expedition: ſhe preferred the certainty of wealth and luxury with age and deformity to all the flattery which French *politeſſe* could have heaped upon her.

The connection might have been continued for a longer time than it really exiſted, but for an adventure that cauſed a mutual diſcovery of inconſtancy. It can hardly indeed be

ſuppoſed

ſuppoſed from Perdita's known diſpoſition, that in a place ſo calculated for amour and intrigue, ſhe ſhould long continue faithful to the Jew; but that the ſtiff-necked ſon of Iſrael ſhould wander from his fair magnet, may ſeem a little ſtrange; and more ſo that he ſhould attempt to bewray his own next. But the fact is, that the rolling black eyes of Sally (the maid who ſtill attended Perdita) had darted ſome flames into the heart of the roving Jew: he had proceeded in his aſſault upon this fair fortreſs by the more certain and approved way of *ſapping* and *undermining*, leaving the *attack direct* for more youthful and vigorous heroes; the former, though ſomewhat ſlower being uſually in the end moſt ſucceſsful: as Mr. Mordecai in this caſe experienced; for Sally conſented

to

to yield to the power of his gold, what no woman on the face of the terreſtrial globe would have granted to his perſon.

The articles of capitulation waited only for a proper opportunity to ſign and ſeal, which was eagerly ſought after by Mordecai: the moment at length arrived, by Perdita being engaged at a ball: ſome unaccountable delays prevented the conſummation of their joys till a late hour: but at laſt laſt they repaired to the fair maid's bed-chamber; and after ſome preparatory toying, irkſome enough on Sally's part, were juſt ſinking to taſte the raptures of fruition, when a loud knocking at the door interrupted them in the very firſt onſet.

It was Perdita—ſhe had danced with a moſt agreeable partner at the ball, and

and obſerving him to exert himſelf with ſo much activity and athletic vigor upon the floor, had not a doubt but he could acquit himſelf as much to her ſatisfaction *dans la ruelle*: the glances ſhe ſhot at him every time their eyes met, and the tenderneſs with which ſhe returned every ſoft preſſure of his hand, ſoon convinced him that an attempt to form a cloſer connection would not be rejected: indeed he perſonally knew the lady, as well as her ſituation with Mordecai, and could not readily ſuppoſe that ſhe was otherwiſe attached to the Jew, than by motives of downright intereſt and convenience; he therefore aſſumed boldneſs in his diſcourſe, and whenever a pauſe in the dances gave him opportunity, plied her with wine, and converſed in a language ſufficiently expreſſive

preſſive of his wiſhes; and which, though replied to with raillery, was evidently liſtened to with pleaſure. At length, he frankly made the propoſal of retiring from the ball-room to enjoy themſelves in a manner more agreeable to their mutual deſires; to which Perdita conſented, and to which her inclination was now more ſtrongly diſpoſed by an argument of all others the moſt prevailing; and to the efficacy of which ſhe had invariably yielded.

The diſconcerted couple knew not what courſe to take, for Perdita would evidently be up ſtairs before the Jew could retreat to his apartment; and the cloſets were not adapted to contain him; but as there was no time for a momentary delay, he conſented that Sally ſhould thruſt him underneath the bed, which was a taſk of ſome

difficulty, from his bulky and unwieldy ſhape and the lowneſs of the bedſtead; this was ſcarcely accompliſhed, when, ſuppoſing that her Iſraelitiſh lover was by this time retired to reſt and aſleep, Perdita very readily conducted her dancing gallant to Sally's apartment, diſmiſſing her upon ſome frivolous pretence; a kind of amorous parley commenced between the happy pair, whoſe ſpirits, enlivened by dancing and wine, ſoon beat the alarm of love; kiſſes, embraces, and all the wanton *preludios* of enjoyment were played over, though few of the excitements of art were needful, where inclination on each ſide was ſo ſtrong; he caught her up in his arms, and laid her gently down on the bed, beneath which Mordecai lay agitated with fear, reſentment, and a moſt curious mixture of paſſions: fear

of

of diſcovery; reſentment at the inconſtancy, however pardonable of his frail miſtreſs; while the remaining blood that ran through his withered veins, was fired by the amorous toyings of the wanton couple.

But how was his miſery increaſed, when on commencing the conflict of love, he felt each rebound of the happy pair preſs him more cloſely to the ground, and almoſt take away his breath; he was obliged to ſubmit to their influence, and keep time to their motions; while the hunch on his back, luckily coinciding with the peculiar poſition of thoſe above (though unnoticed at the inſtant) gave energy to their raptures: till the ſame moment which ſunk them in extaſy, almoſt literally deprived Mordecai of his life;

while he was forced to ſupport the preſſure of the expiring lovers.

A momentary pauſe gave him ſome relief from his corporeal miſery, but added to his mortification in another way, by hearing himſelf painted in the moſt ludicrous manner, by Perdita's gallant, who ſeemed perfectly acquainted as well with his principles as perſon. But the wit which was diſplayed at his expence ſoon had a truce, Love began to rekindle in their hearts, and they again ſunk in each other's arms, ſubmiſſive to its power:—Poor Mordecai went through a ſecond *fiery ordeal*, more dreadful in proportion to its continuance; and he certainly muſt have breathed his laſt, had not a very ſingular accident brought him relief.

While

While they were reposing in that delightful lassitude which usually seizes the body after participating of the highest earthly pleasures, they were roused from their soft slumber by the sound of a repeating watch beating the hour of twelve!——Alarmed and confounded they sprung up from the bed, and made instant search for the cause of their disturbance; closets were examined in vain, when an involuntary groan from the almost suffocated Jew made them lift up the bedstead, and there they discovered the wretched sufferer.

Those who can recollect the inimitable Ned Shuter in the part of Old Philpot in the Citizen, and in that scene where he is discovered under the table by Wilding, may form some idea of the groupe that now filled the bed-

chamber: mutual reproaches were thrown out by the diſcoverer and the diſcovered; and mutual recriminations of inconſtancy and impotency were the theme of their diſcourſe; though like Philpot and his ſon they ſeemed equally criminal. The gallant not ſuppoſing his preſence could add to their harmony, very politely and with great *ſang froid* bade them adieu. And not thinking himſelf obliged to ſecrecy in regard of an adventure which would give him ſuch an opportunity of diſplaying his wit, the preceding night's frolic was related at the firſt *ruelle* he attended in the morning; and in a town ſo famous for ſcandal and goſſipping as Margate, and indeed moſt other watering places, it was preſently retailed at every tea-table in the town.

A diſſolution took place, and next day

day the Jew ſet off for the capital, leaving Perdita for once overcome with ſhame and confuſion, and not daring to appear abroad:—for however unaccountable it may ſeem, yet mankind can often perform actions in the face of the whole world, which yet they want confidence to go through in a much ſmaller circle of beholders.—Content with the aſſertion of this paradox, the inveſtigation of it is left for heads better adapted to ſuch ſubtle buſineſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Perdita renews his intimacy with an old friend—History of Lucy P—— New system of physic.

AMONG other company at Margate was a nobleman of well-known gallantry, whose ghastly form and emaciated countenance would have made a spectator rather think he had been stolen from the museum of Dr. Hunter or from Surgeon's-hall, than that he was a votary of the *Venus Meretrix*. This figure, however, was one of the first who had felt the influence of Perdita's charms, and contributed to alleviate her distress and her husband's, when they were some years ago immured in the gloomy chambers

chambers of the Fleet; whither they were compelled to remove from more elegant apartments in Covent-garden, ſoon after Perdita's return from her firſt campaign, and before her theatrical engagement was made in town.

Diſagreeable as ſuch a diſmal manſion muſt otherwiſe appear to a man of his rank, yet many an evening viſit did his lordſhip pay there *incog.* which was ſufficiently announced to the other priſoners, by the complaiſant huſband's immediately appearing on the *Quay* (a place of recreation): His Lordſhip's gallantry was of that generous and diffuſive kind as to diſregard the minutiæ of ſituation, and he was perfectly of opinion with his favorite poet,

Place me where never ſummer's breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees,

Love

Love and ſome nymph ſhall eaſe my toils,
Some nymph who ſofily ſpeaks and ſweetly ſmiles

His Lordſhip's influence is ſaid alſo to have been the means of introducing her upon the ſtage, after ſhe and her huſband were ſet at liberty by an act of inſolvency; for he brought her acquainted with a manager whoſe talents as a writer have no leſs charmed the theatre, than his eloquence has procured him admiration in a more auguſt aſſembly. Of the *nature* of their intimacy, though the tattle of the day may have ſpoke freely, no particulars have tranſpired; nor ſhould tattle be always regarded, for even the angelic character of the angelic *Cecilia* has not eſcaped malevolence.

The breach between Mordecai and Perdita having reached his Lordſhip's ear, he preſently waited on her, to make

make an offer of his protection while ſhe pleaſed to remain at Margate: an offer that ſhe accepted with gratitude, but earneſtly wiſhed for a return to the capital as the ſeaſon was advancing when opportunity would ſerve of diſplaying her charms to advantage: and probably his Lordſhip was no leſs diſpoſed for leaving the place than herſelf, the natural *ennui* which attends cloyed gratification having at preſent taken full poſſeſſion of him.

Lucy P——ll, the ſoft attendant of his tender hours, was the daughter of a cornfactor in the Borough, who dying a bankrupt, had left Lucy in a ſtate of dependency upon an old aunt, that had the mortification to find herſelf a maid at ſixty: the uncomfortable ſituation in which ſhe lived, induced Lucy to ſeize the firſt moment of throwing

throwing off the yoke; and being genteel and elegant in her perſon, her eyes expreſſive, her voice melodious, and her memory very retentive, ſhe thought herſelf in ſome meaſure qualified for the ſtage;—in conſequence of ſeeing an advertiſement for a young lady to join a country company, ſhe made application, and was engaged by a manager for Margate; thither ſhe repaired with the other ladies and gentlemen of the buſkin,—a paſſage being engaged in the hoy for the whole company, as well as their wardrobe, general and particular, which was comprized in a very narrow compaſs.

By the aſſiſtance of a quantity of Juniper, purchaſed by themſelves, and the civility of the hoy-maſter, they had a very agreeable paſſage for moſt part of the voyage; but their aqueous

Paradiſe

Paradiſe was almoſt deſtroyed, and their *glee* interrupted in the midſt of a *catch*, by the appearance of a French privateer which chaſed them into Margate roads, and from which they eſcaped only by their veſſel being a remarkably ſwift ſailer; and ſaving them from the diſmal apprehenſion of kings, queens, princes and conſpirators being found in one general jumble in a French dungeon.

But their eſcape was little more than from Scylla to Charybdis; for in leſs than a week, the faleſman in Monmouth-ſtreet (who had furniſhed the wardrobe, and was to have been paid before the manager's departure from London) having got ſcent of their deſtination, came to Margate with a couple of bailiffs, and ſeized the unfortunate proprietor, in the

midſt of a very intereſting ſcene. The wardrobe was given up, the manager agreed to pay all expences, that he might avoid the horrors of a jail, and the company was next day diſſolved, leaving every one to purſue their own plan for a future ſupport.

Luckily for Lucy ſhe had been ſeen by Lord L—— in the part of Sylvia in the Recruiting Officer, and pleaſing him by her vivacity, he now took compaſſion on her diſtreſs, and offered her an allowance of ten guineas a week, with genteel apartments, during his ſtay at Margate: a bait too alluring to be withſtood in her preſent ſituation.

But the *furor amoris* being pretty well exhauſted, and Perdita appearing now with all the force of novelty, he readily conſented on the firſt intimation, to bid adieu to Margate, and accordingly

ingly set off *à la fourdine*, though not without previously transmitting a bill of fifty pounds to Lucy, with an intimation that she must not expect any future favours.

His Lordship hoped to receive equal advantage and more pleasure from Perdita's society than Lucy's: of more pleasure he was certain from her well-known vivacity and sprightliness; and her youth rendered her a bed-fellow with whom he might have equal advantage. To explain this, it becomes necessary to observe that his Lordship's health and constitution were so greatly shattered, as to require the utmost skill and exertions of the faculty to preserve his existence: and at this time he was following the prescriptions of an eminent Bath physician, who had suggested the idea of prolonging his

life by means of *the breath of young women*; and the Doctor defended his hypothesis upon these principles.

As a person labouring under an infectious disease may communicate it by his breath, so the pure air and insensible transpiration of a healthy young girl, may contribute to rouse the sluggish motion of an old man's blood, and give it a brisk and strong circulation. There are various examples of the great power of air and odours in nourishing human bodies, at least in supporting and maintaining the lamp of life when almost extinguished; and common experience shews us that the human breath may bring people out of a swoon.

Hence, therefore, when *Thyrza* emits her breath, she throws off, with that air, certain spirits or vapours from her blood—

blood. *Pyramus* respiring them, they easily mix with his. Thus the vapour excited by the vital heat of *Thysbe*, passes through the æther into the blood and lungs of *Pyramus*: and we may say, without a metaphor, that the spirits of *Thysbe* warm the heart of the old man. For these spirits being vigorous, full of life and vivacity, they must naturally re-animate the half-frozen blood of Pyramus, and we may even go so far as to say, that with his own, he enjoys a borrowed life; and therefore it is very probable that he should last twice as long as other men.

Such a situation in life as furnishes a constant supply of young and wholesome breaths, must be very comfortable;—such for instance, as in Roman catholic countries, must be that of a director of a college of young women; or the confessor of the youthful nuns.

After mentioning several who have attained to a great age, the physician hinted to his Lordship, as a *case in point*, and perfectly apposite to his own, that of Lewis Cornaro, a nobleman of Venice, who had always been infirm to his 35th year, and then abandoning medicine, prolonged his life to the date of 90, by similar methods.

In the choice of maidens, he recommended to his Lordship, that they should be young, innocent, healthy, and have *sweet breaths*;—such was Abishag the Shunamite, whom the physicians recommended to king David, to warm his blood, by lying with him in the night, and serving him in the day: he supposes that the innocent pastimes, the *chaste* caresses, the humorous frolics of the young people, will rejoice and revive the spirits of the

the patient; who, on the other hand, must be of a gentle, cheerful disposition, and equally ready to *indulge* and even to *share* in their pleasures.

This new doctrine of the *Ankchita Puellarum*, or imbibing the balmy breath of young virgins by contact, had something in it perfectly agreeable to his Lordship, who readily adopted the practice; and in the pursuit of his physician's advice he had taken a journey to various parts of the country in search of the medicine; nor had his Lordship been very unsuccessful in his tour.

The salubrious effects of country air and sea water were obvious in Perdita, whose beauty, health and spirits were highly improved; and she was perhaps as well calculated to become his Lordship's Abishag, as any lady whom

he

CHAP. XIII.

Sketch of the American colonel—Military exploits.

IF the occupation of arms be a glorious one, ſtill it muſt be acknowledged that infinite are the dangers that attend it; and that the hero is excuſeable who after having expoſed his life in the midſt of battle, ſeeks for relief from his toils in the ſweet embraces of the

the fair. We ſhould not be ſurpriſed at ſeeing Alexander make equal ſacrifices to Mars and Cupid; nor blame Hercules, that dividing his attention between theſe two divinities, he found the ſofteſt relaxation from his labours in the arms of beauty.

If ſuch has been the conduct of the demi-god of antiquity, it cannot be ſuppoſed that they who are in other reſpects the exact models of theſe heroes, ſhould be wanting in the moſt agreeable part of the character. At leaſt this can never be ſaid of the American Colonel, whoſe prowels has been no leſs diſtinguiſhed in the field of Mars than in the chambers of the votaries: and it has been repeatedly his boaſt, that no man of the preſent age had killed more men, or enjoyed a greater variety of women than himſelf.

This

This gay and gallant officer is the second son of an eminent merchant at Liverpool, who designed him for the profession of the law, and gave him a suitable education; at a proper age he was sent to Oxford; and from thence he removed to London, where he entered himself a student in the Temple. He continued his studies for some time, but not with that assiduity which is necessary for success in such an arduous and sedentary course of life. And Congreve and Farquhar were much more his study than Coke upon Littleton, or the Abridgement of the Statutes.

With a volatile disposition and a lively genius, he was soon drawn by gay companions into the vortex of fashionable amusements, and by the eager pursuit of them, exhausted his finances.

finances. In this situation he turned his thoughts to the military line, and being intimate with several gentlemen of the army, expressed a desire to go over to America as a volunteer. A request of this nature from a young gentleman of his promising appearance was readily complied with by the commander in chief of the army, and he embarked with one of the annual reinforcements sent to Sir Henry Clinton.

On his arrival in America, he soon gave such signal proofs of his aspiring genius, and personal intrepidity, that he was appointed to assist Colonel Harcourt in surprising and taking prisoner the famous General Lee, who, at the commencement of the American dispute, deserted his commission in the British

British army, went over to that continent, and entered into the service of the American States.

After this gallant action, the young adventurer was raised to the rank of Lieutenant-colonel, on the American establishment; and his military exploits were now so very rapid and extraordinary, that there were scarce any advices from the commanders of the army, in which his name was not mentioned, and his corps distinguished in a very honourable manner.

But among all his astonishing exploits, (which must be left to the historiographer of wars and battles to record) the defeat of General Sumpter was what placed his heroic character in the brightest point of view; and in the victory gained over General Greene, it has been publicly acknowledged by the

the commander himself, "that the appearance and spirited attack of our Colonel contributed much to a speedy determination of the engagement."

In a word, never were so many gallant actions performed in so short a space of time by any officer in an inferior command, in any age or country—and so young—for he is not yet thirty years of age. He was one of that glorious little army, which disputed every inch of ground, under their great commander Cornwallis, who for want of timely reinforcements was obliged to surrender at York-town. And it was on this occasion that he returned to his native country.

The Colonel has received several wounds, and having lost two of his fingers by the stroke of a sabre, he usually rides, or walks with one hand

in his pocket. His person is not tall, but genteely made; somewhat very lively and expressive in his countenance; and his whole appearance is peculiarly smart from the military dress, and a kind of hussar cap, ove which hangs nodding a large plume of black feathers.

Such personal charms, joined to such confessed and approved courage, a high share of military reputation, and unbounded generosity, could not but insure him every possible success in the female world; and hearts and arms were open to receive him when he appeared again in the capital.

If the Colonel's assertion be true in respect of the extraordinary number of ladies, who have yielded the possession of their charms to his irresistible mode of attack, it will not be expected that this

this is the place for entering into a full detail of his amorous exploits: as he is at present only introduced on account of his connection with our heroine, whose attachment to him has been as singular, as the manner in which their acquaintance first commenced. And perhaps their intimacy, which was said to have had a temporary dissolution from motives of an oeconomical nature, may be once more returned, as he is just returned from Calais from spending his holidays whither the late change in administration had forced him; having destroyed his military hopes, and even rendered his return to England in some degree problematical; also the present much indulged idea of a new parliament has again brought him over, and he now figures in the polite circles.

Lord M——n had conſtantly flattered himſelf with ſuch an aſcendancy over Perdita, or had ſo very ſtrong a faith in her attachment to him, that he would not believe that any man could poſſibly ſeduce her from his arms. He was warm in her praiſes, particularly in this point, one evening at the St. Alban's tavern, in preſence of the Colonel and ſome others, when he offered to confirm this opinion, by a bet of a thouſand guineas; which was inſtantly accepted by the Colonel, with the propoſal not only to carry off, but alſo to jilt her, on condition only of being once introduced to her, for as yet they were ſtrangers. This his Lordſhip aſſented to, and the interview ſoon after took place.

What enchanting tales the Colonel told, what ſeductive arts he employed

is

is unknown; whether, *Othello* like, the dangers he had undergone, the hair-breadth escapes he had ventured, the toilsome marches he had sustained, the wonders he had seen, and all the strange adventures which fill a soldier's life, operated to soften her tender heart, —but certain 'tis, like Desdemona she thought it pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful—and like Desdemona too she yielded.

Not content with gaining the fort, he resolved also to carry off the spoils and in the first hour of fondness regretted how liable their pleasures were to interruption while they remained in London; proposed therefore, in order to indulge without restraint in all the luxury of love, that they should make a short excursion of a few miles into the country. Perdita gave her hearty

concurrence; and to the no ſmall mortification of Lord M——, who now concluded his wager loſt, they ſet off next day to Barrow-hedges, a ſmall village not far from Epſom.

Here for a full fortnight they enjoyed themſelves in uninterrupted mutual poſſeſſion, free from the impertinent cares and troubles of the world, ſtrangers to its concerns, and totally occupied in the ſoft delights of communicating happineſs: while every one of their acquaintance were totally ignorant whither they had flown.

They had lived not only in the full delights of love, but in all the luxury and elegance of the table and convivial enjoyment; conſequently by this time had contracted a larger debt with the inn-keeper than was perfectly agreeable, notwithſtanding the gaiety of

their appearance, and the liberality and freedom with which they lived. He therefore ventured to hint to the Colonel how satisfactory it would be to settle his account; an intimation the Colonel very kindly received, and promised to comply with.

He thought it now high time to complete his wager: and perhaps, too, a fortnight's full swing of pleasure had pretty well allayed even that keeness of appetite which Perdita's charms could create: he, therefore, very early one morning, leaving his fair one in bed and asleep, took a pretended walk, but soon struck into the road for Epsom, where engaging a post-chaise he presently made his appearance in London, and the same evening claimed his fairly-won wager from the mortified Lord M—— who paid the bet, but totally

ly renounced for ever his faithleſs miſtreſs.

When Perdita awakened, ſhe was rather ſurpriſed to find her bed-fellow abſent, but patiently waited his return to breakfaſt;—no Colonel appeared; nor did dinner bring the run-away:—ſuſpicions began to ariſe, which were confirmed in the evening, by the landlord bringing up ſupper, accompanied by the *bill* for her fortnight's hoſpitable fare. Anger and reſentment now ſwelled her boſom for this deceitful trick; ſhe was unable to diſcharge the account, and the hoſt's impatience increaſed in proportion to her diſtreſs:—ſhe ſent in vain to Lord M—, who treated her meſſage with the contempt it really deſerved: and it was not till after a variety of expedients, that ſhe bethought herſelf of the gallant C—y,

who

who had long been indefatigable in the purſuit of her, but from her extreme coldneſs during the connection with her warlike hero, had received *ſmall* hopes of ſucceſs, notwithſtanding his *great parts*, and *well-atteſted* gallantry.

To him, therefore ſhe applied in the hour of diſtreſs, and he readily flew to her relief: he chearfully paid all demands, and now preſſed his own ſuit with ſo much ſucceſs, that he detained her three weeks longer, while ſhe bleſſed him with all the joys he had ſo long ſolicited.

On her return to town, ſhe ſoon became acquainted with the circumſtance of the wager, which increaſed her reſentments ſtill farther againſt the Colonel; and ſhe ſeverely taxed her folly with having been ſo eaſily and ſucceſsfully the dupe to his artifice and her vanity.

vanity, at the ſame time loſing the protection and friendſhip of ſo generous a lover as Lord M——,-who now totally renounced her.—For ſeveral months her anger continued; and ſhe diſdained even to ſpeak to or notice him; but the violence of paſſion at length ſubſided, and ſhe was once more induced to admit him to her intimacy. A cloſer and firmer friendſhip ſoon took place; he reſided chiefly at her houſe, in B——y-ſquare, and on every occaſion appeared as her *Cicisbeo*.

The Colonel certainly never received that reward which was due to his military merit, and on his return to England having entered into all the diſſipation of gay life, his finances were ſoon exhauſted, and 'twas even ſaid his commiſſion was diſpoſed of. His dependence was upon the favours of the

P——,

P——, who made him one of the companions of his jovial hours; and had a late administration continued, 'tis more than probable his hopes of a provision would have been gratified; a provision which his eminent services very deservedly entitle him to.

CHAP. XIV.

The COMET.—*A Simile.*

IN the year 1783, the epithet of the *Comet* was generally given to the fair heroine of these memoirs, whose character and celebrity were subjects of universal speculation: and the propriety of the allusion may be gathered from a review of the principal properties of the bodies in question.

When

When Perdita was in the meridian of her splendor, revelling in the arms of her beloved Florizel, she was aptly compared to a *comet* or blazing star, and her eminent adorer was called the SUN, by whose kind influence she beamed forth more divine attractions than any constellation of the times.

According to philosophers, the direction of a comet's motion is indeterminate, which exactly answers an astreal description of Perdita, who occasionally steered her course to and from the sun, in every direction, without regard to the order of the signs of the ecliptic, or the points of the compass.

The motions of the comets are generally very eccentric and very irregular; some moving one way, others the direct contrary; and correspondently

thereto,

thereto, Perdita was *direct* or *retrograde* in motion, as occasion required. In their nearest *approach* to the sun, the comets receive a very great degree of heat; but Perdita went beyond all other comets, and touched the sun himself; consequently the degree of *heat* she contracted must have been more intense than what had ever been received by any preceding comet.

The velocity of Perdita's motion, like that of the comet, was variable in every part of her orbit; in some of which it was incredibly swift, and when at a great distance, inconceivably slow.—Perdita was encompassed with a very large atmosphere, replete with clouds and vapours; this is the head of the comet; and from the lower or denser part of the body, there arises a large fiery exhalation, usually called the *tail*.

The position of the tail is another remarkable particular, being always carried backwards, but not in a right line; the extreme part of the tail being left a little behind towards the parts left by the comet, and therefore the form of the tail must be something incurvated.

The magnitude of the comet's tail depends principally upon the degree of heat it receives from the sun; and here we think the comparison fails. A similarity might more properly be formed with the skin of the polypus, which is said to be of a pursy nature, and to contract or dilate according to the dimensions of what fills it.

As the heat of the sun began to decline upon this comet, and its velocity was proportionably diminished, this was seen by a valiant Colonel, who had gloriously distinguished himself in the

CHAP. XV.

VARIETY was the motto which Florizel had adopted, and which he seemed invariably to pursue; yet, notwithstanding his vows of obedience to mama, the severity and Duenna-like conduct of the favourite attendant, and all the charms of the foreign Sultana, Florizel's constancy was exhausted, and he

he longed to change at liberty. Mrs. A—d too, having obtained the secret of Perdita's rupture, resolved to turn it to her own advantage. She was therefore present wherever the P—e went, at the play, the opera, his hunting-matches; in a word, she became so remarkable, imitating the forsaken Perdita in all her steps, that Florizel made some enquiry about her, and being informed by a trusty page, that she was among the number of *come-at-ables*; he expressed some inclination to have a *tête-à-tête* with her: the page took the hint, waited upon Mrs. A—d, and an appointment was made for next evening, at a certain inn in the neighbourhood of Bushy-park. Unluckily Florizel was obliged to attend his father to the play that evening, and the appointment was put off till next day, when the parties met,

and

and such an eclaircissement took place as may be naturally conjectured.

Mrs. A—d, however, finding that her charms were much too antiquated, and that Florizel languished for youth and variety, was resolved at least to pay a regard to the main chance; and as her name had been rather hackney'd among the catalogue of *demi-reps*, she was acquainted with some, who, if they could not pass for *vestals*, might at least be considered as new faces, and as such attract the attention of the hero.

Among the foremost of these were the accomplished and beautiful L—ce, the lovely Mrs. M—lls, and the charming C—r—n, who were introduced to him at the same place of rendezvous: his trusty page catering for him one way, while Mrs. A—d administered to his appetite another.—It is observ-

able, that variety is the sauce of greater variety, and that he who cannot feed upon partridges and ortolans, will often prefer *mack turtle*. This too was the case here; for when the above ladies had cloyed him, an inferior class were called in to whet his appetite.

Among the beauties of more elevated rank, the *Lady of the Oaks* is said to have engrossed some share of his attachments: and one evening in the ball-room, the eyes of the whole group being directed to the *tendresse* which he seemed to express for Lady Augusta C——, the *Lady of the Oaks* was missed and enquired after:—Where is she gone? said one.—Where is she, exclaimed another?—Hush, *mes*!—hold your tongue!—*prenez garde!* replies Florizel, she is gone with her booby Lord to D—shire; but

but though her *body* is enthralled by the barbarous, unfeeling, and vulgar hands of a *brute*, her *soul* is with Florizel and champaigne. She is all life, spirit, and vivification, and has nothing material about her, but what is necessarily conducive to the full enjoyment of earthly pleasures!—"Ah, Florizel, cried the lady, it is the Burgundy speaks, and not the once faithful and royal shepherd.—Who can believe a man after he has finished the fourth bottle?"

But the amours of Florizel would almost make a volume of themselves, and as such would certainly be a vast favourite with boarding-school misses, for his sole business seems to be

——To rove
Free and unfashioned thro' the wilds of love.

The present object of his attachment is a Mrs. H——s, a very delicate and accom-

accomplished woman, whose husband is promoted in the new-established household, probably to gain a more easy access to the wife, whom our hero, previous to that step, made no scruple of frequently visiting *en passant* and at length presented with a beautiful grey horse, the *Bucephalus* of his stable; on which she frequently prances up and down Pall-mall, and Hyde-park.

The lover and the husband were not long ago in the gallery of the House of Commons, when about ten in the evening the former requested the latter to keep his seat, whilst he stepped out, and returned near *two* in the morning, with an apology to his friend for having troubled him so long. On the Captain retiring home, he discovered that Florizel had been to take a little *refreshment* with his lady while he kept his seat in the gallery.

And as an instance of his genius for intrigue,

intrigue, we communicate another trick of a similar nature.—For finding Captain H—— and his lady at home, he requested the favor of writing materials, and that his friend would stop with a note to a gentleman, on some business which he could entrust to no one else. The contents of the card were simply these—"Keep the bearer as long, and make him as drunk as you can." This was accordingly done; and, at three the next morning, Florizel was found consoling the wife of his friend in the absence of her husband.

The husband probably thought it advantageous to share the confidence and friendship of so powerful a patron; and either wanted wit or virtue to carry his wife out of the way of temptation, or to avoid being so often sent out of the way himself. The brother of the lady, however, felt his honour

affected,

affected, and boldly intimated to the * * * * * that his attention was too conspicuous to his sister: when he was calmly informed, that nothing improper was ever intended against the lady's reputation or honour. By the advice of her friends, and to preserve appearances, she left town for a few days, taking with her the *very pretty boy* she had so much admired: but, that absence destroyed the conviction, is far from being believed, or even asserted, for the *plume of feathers* is still seen to nod in a court near Pall-mall.

That tide in the affairs of men, which Shakespeare has remarked, may be well observed in the life of our heroine: her beauty, the fascinating charms of her person, the brilliant accomplishments of her mind, her poignant wit and agreeable conversation, have certainly raised her to a rank

which

which few of the frail nymphs could ever obtain: that she was the favorite of a prince, can never be doubted; and her conduct has plainly evinced that she thought herself such, from the pitiful complaints daily urged, and *well known* to come from herself, against a certain *young gentleman*, by way of extorting relief—a proof, by the bye, that she is no longer a favorite: and her fortune may serve to convince others, that the capricious smiles of a prince are of little value, unless managed with prudence: for, like an April flower, Florizel's love withered and died, 'ere it bore any of the golden fruit, which a settlement was to contain; and Perdita, after blazoning in all the *gew-gaw* of splendid royalty, now reverts to her former situation. The Colonel's finances are insufficient for both, as his late trip to France

serves

ſerves to prove, during his abſence Perdita has been confined by an illneſs, for which a ſevere rheumatiſm was the aſſigned cauſe.

Since the return of her admirer, her appearance in public has been announced by ſome *friendly hand*, telling us that at a play performed for the benefit of Mrs. Cuyler, another of the ſiſterhood, Mrs. R——n was preſent, and "that it was a pleaſure to ſee this truly elegant creature once more abroad, after ſo many months abſence." It is alſo inſinuated, that her houſe in B——y-ſquare is now painting, with elegant meretricious embelliſhments, and that ſhe intends to write over the door QUICUNQUE VULT!

FINIS.

N. B. The Second Volume of the Annals of Gallantry, embelliſhed with a Frontiſpiece equally elegant with that given in this Firſt Volume, will certainly be published on the firſt of May.